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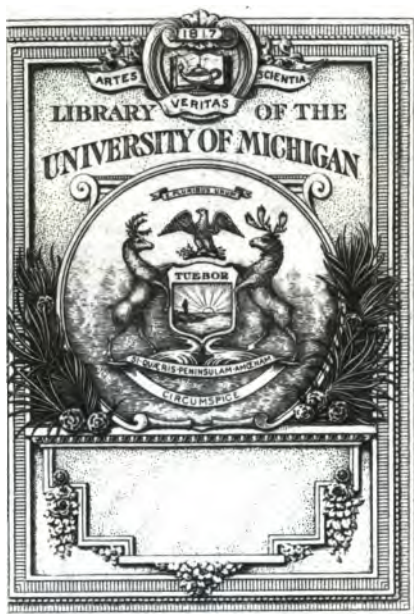
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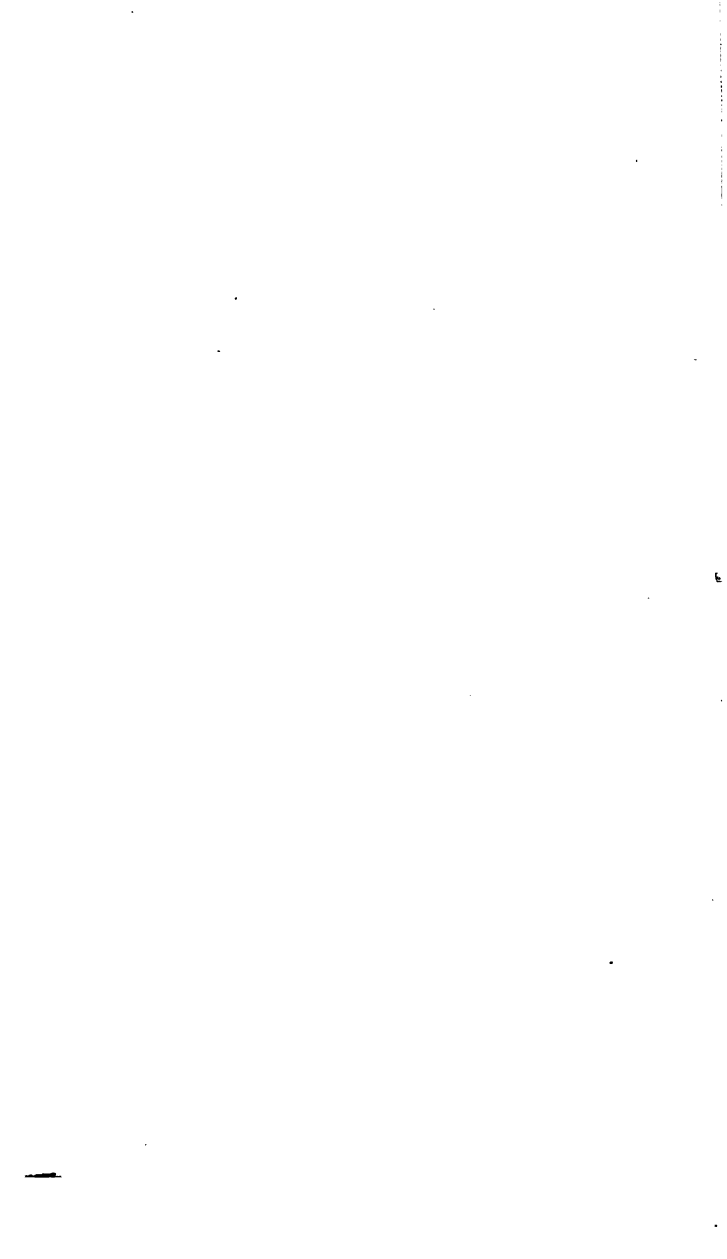
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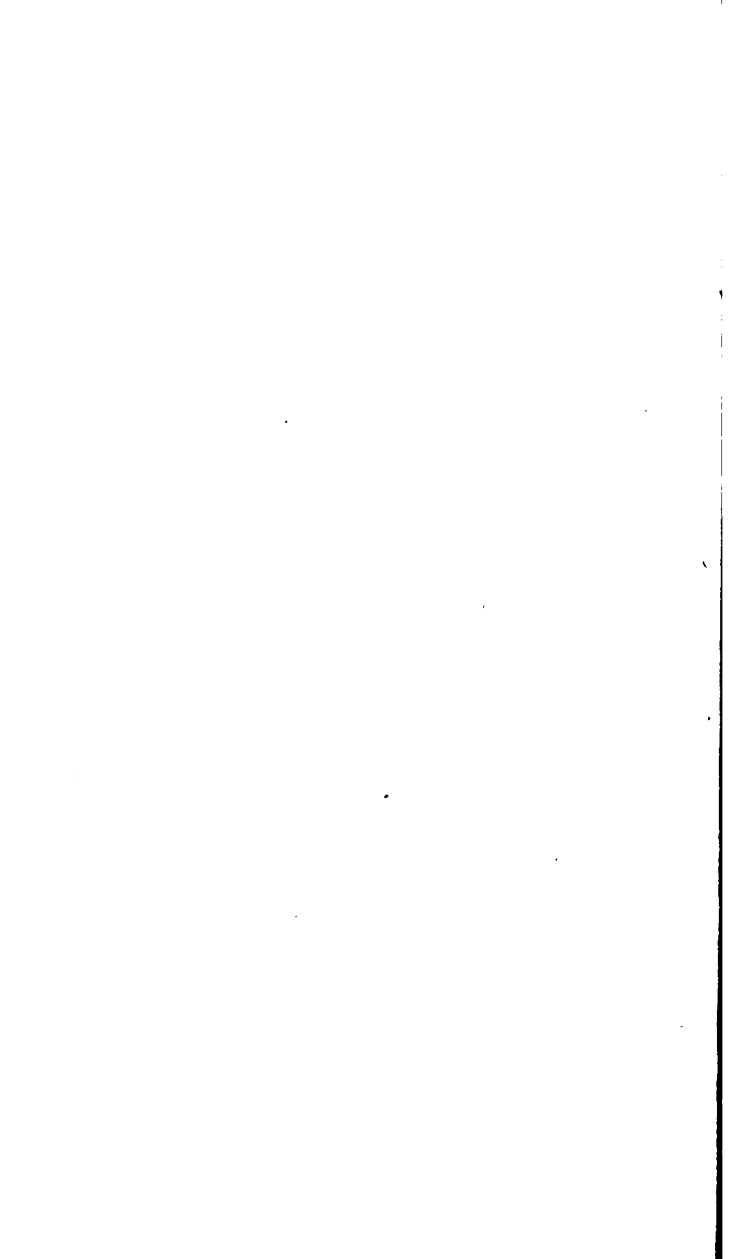
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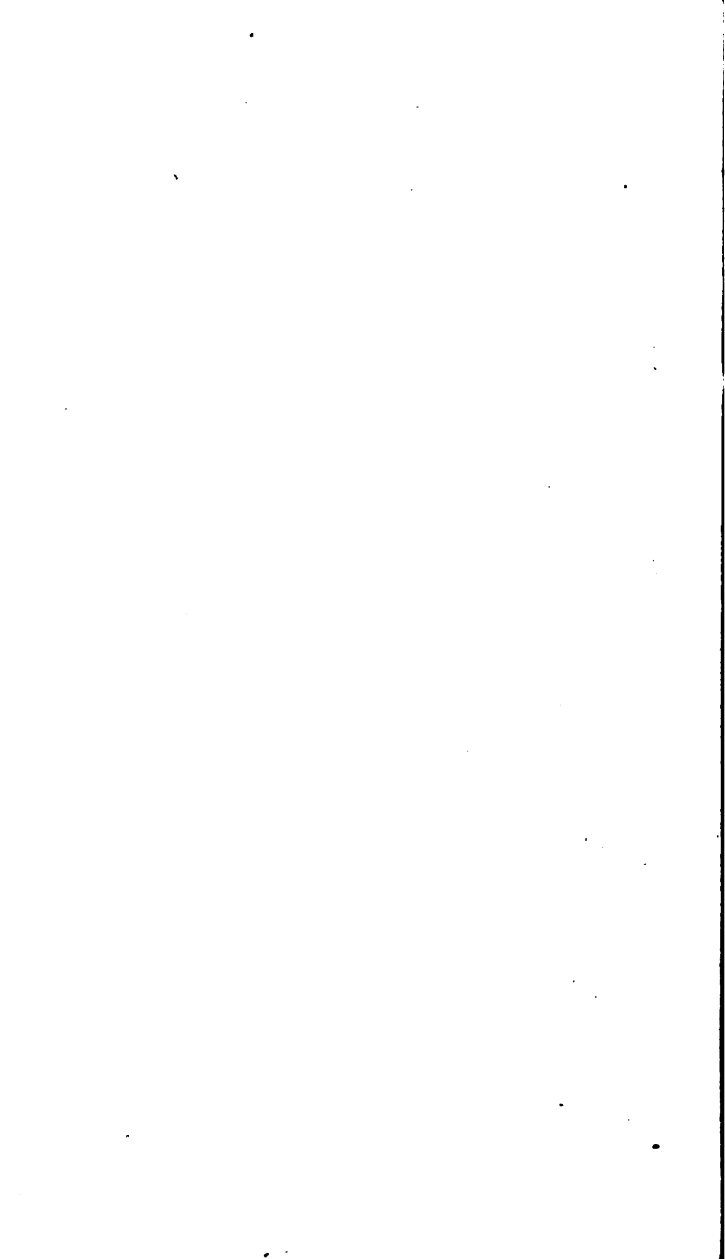






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A SONG OF FAITH
DEVOUT EXERCISES
AND SONNETS



A SONG OF FAITH
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DEVOUT EXERCISES
AND SONNETS

BY
SIR AUBREY DE VERE BART.



LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1842

PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.



TO
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

ETC. ETC. ETC.

MY DEAR SIR,

TO know that you have perused many of the following Poems with pleasure, and did not hesitate to reward them with your praise, has been to me a cause of unmingled happiness.

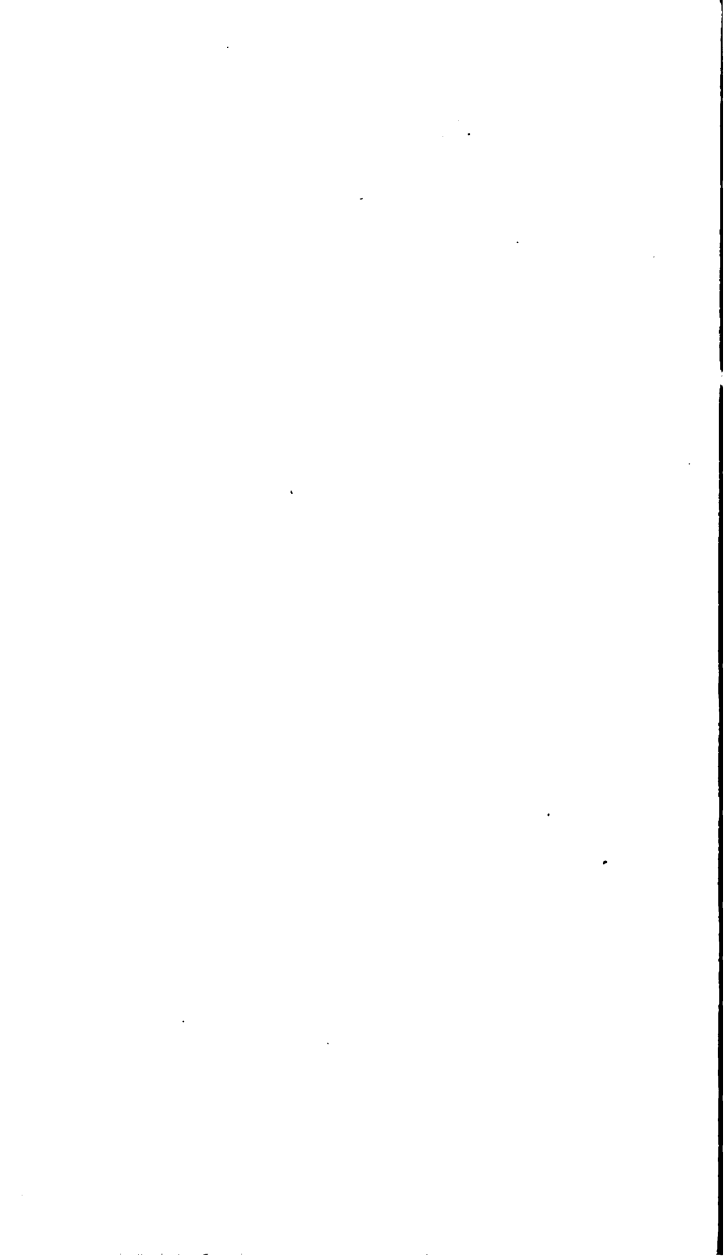
In accepting the Dedication of this Volume, you permit me to link my name—which I have hitherto done so little to illustrate—with yours, the noblest of modern literature.

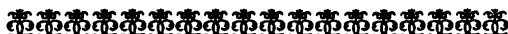
I may at least hope to be named hereafter as one among the friends of WORDSWORTH.

As such, I trust that you will ever regard your faithful

AUBREY DE VERE.

*Currah Chase,
May 20, 1842.*





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A SONG OF FAITH.

THE formal world relaxes her cold chain
For One who speaks in numbers ; ampler scope
His utterance finds ; and conscious of the gain,
Imagination works with bolder hope
The cause of grateful reason to sustain ;
And, serving Truth, the heart more strongly beats
Against all barriers which his labour meets
In lofty place, or humble Life's domain.
Enough—before us lay a painful road,
And guidance have I sought in duteous love
From Wisdom's heavenly Father. Hence hath flowed
Patience—with trust that whatsoe'er the way
Each takes in this high matter, all may move
Cheered with the prospect of a brighter day.

WORDSWORTH.



PREFACE TO A SONG OF FAITH.

THE Author of the Poem on Faith, which occupies the larger portion of the present volume, is well aware that, as a layman, he may be charged with presumption for having undertaken a subject which more properly lies within the province of men professionally instructed on matters pertaining to religion, and the true doctrine of the Church.

It may, also, be urged, that the nature of the work is too argumentative for poetry: and that, to reason concisely and perspicuously, the simpler construction of prose suits better the exposition of doctrine, where every word must be weighed, and the ultimate tendency of expression scrutinized with caution.

It is, however, in his character of layman, and because he does not presume to teach as with

authority, that the Author has ventured to embody in the form of verse, feelings and convictions which the delightful study of our ancient ecclesiastic writers have impressed upon him.

Our noblest impulses and purest emotions partake of poetry. In the womb of the imagination thoughts are conceived which grow into worthy actions. From thence, all that is generous in our love of kind, all that is fervent in our devotion to God, derive their being.

It may not, therefore, be unsuitable to express in poetry that which is generated in the mind under the influence of the poetical temperament. If the chord which is struck be tunable, a note in other minds may vibrate.

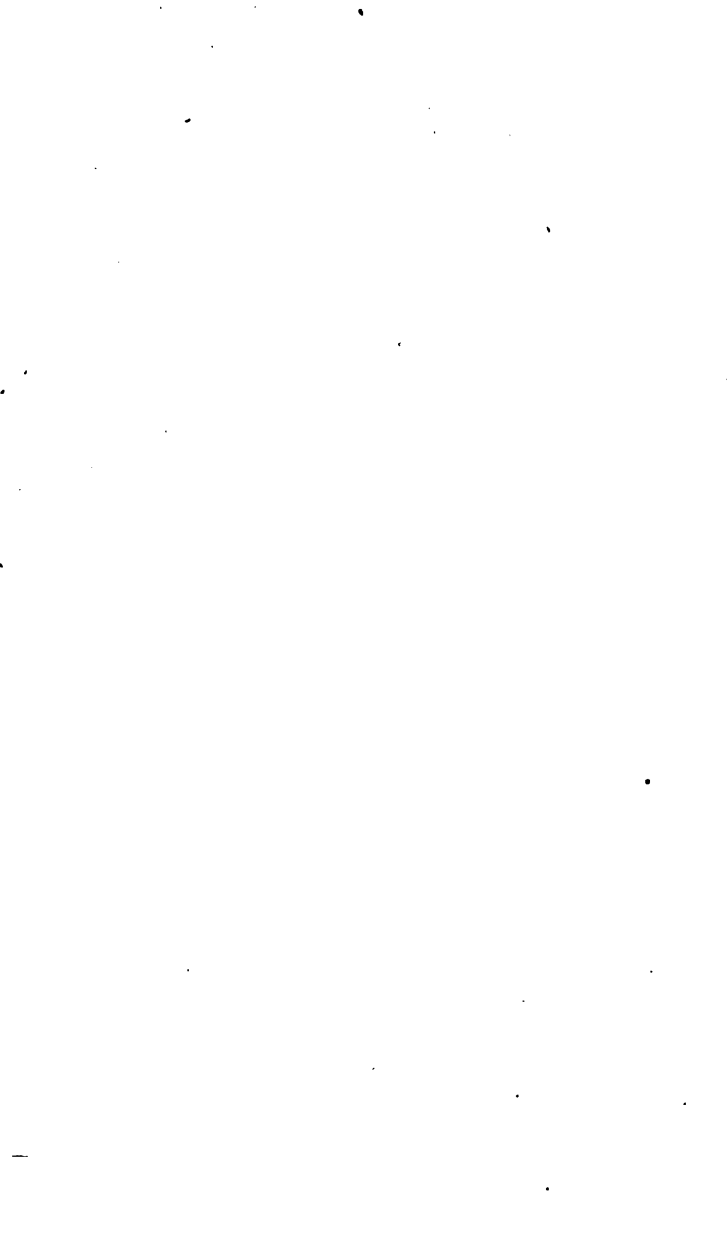
It is proper that the Author should state that his opinions have been formed on the study, however late and imperfect, of the early writers of our Church: those Catholic Fathers whose language was equal to the argument, remaining to the present day models in composition unapproached.

With Divines of a later date (the controversial

writers, for example, of our own day) the Author is little acquainted. This fact he feels himself bound, in honesty, though with shame, to avow. The confession may, however, lend some interest, otherwise little deseryed, to this publication; inasmuch as it marks the influence, upon a mind altogether unprejudiced, which the teaching of the Founders of our Church is calculated to exercise.

A. DE V.

Currah Chase,
April 20, 1841.





A SONG OF FAITH.

PROEM.

FAITH is the life-blood of the soul ; the heart
That trusts hath need of faith : in search of
truth

The spirit of Hope, confiding, yields assent
To that which, in itself worthy belief,
Stands by its attestation certified.
Not evidence of sense alone persuades,
Nor scientific consequences proven,
Nor doth opinion rest on argument
Of probabilities. The watchful mind
Investigates, deliberates, resolves ;
And doctrine, thus assayed, comes stamped with
truth :

Trust growing as a plant within the heart,
Whose flowerage is faith.

The sacred Seers
Propounded knowledge taught to them by God ;
And men believed their testimony, vouched

By miracles that spake to aftertimes :
Infallible witnesses ! for He, alone,
Can prompt, who knowing all things doth foresee.

To verities, attested thus, men clung
Implicitly ; and this was faith Divine.
He, infinitely good, cannot deceive—
Nor, infinitely wise, can be deceived.
Himself our Holy Witness, He vouchsafes
A Revelation that forestalls all search ;
Lightens all darkness ; sounds all mystery.

And why refuse that faith in Holy things
We grant through every phase of mind and life ?
Love, and the increase of all life, is faith ;
Habit and action rest on faith secure ;
We watch for morning through the gloom of night,
New summers after winter, flowers from seeds,
Through faith alone : instinct is faith : the truths
Of abstract science, moral laws innate,
On axioms hang, whose basis still is faith.
God, therefore, hath built up this universe
A complex frame, of countless arches formed,
Concentrical, each with its keystone Faith.
At length behold, the mighty fabric stands
Complete in all its parts ; as doth the Dome
Of some great temple, eminent to heaven ;
Whose strength is one indissoluble bond.

That bond is Faith : the keystone of a Dome
Whose altar is the Cross, whose shrine the Church.

Yet, gifted as men are with reasoning will,
Free to inquire and act, their intellect
They wield not as a passive instrument,
But follow as a Power, ruling of right.
The restless generations pass : the Young
Still crave the nutriment of faith : for them
Suffices not that trust which closed in peace
Their father's dying eyes : They, too, must prove
The evidence of things revealed. Not love
Of truth alone within us, but desire
Invincible of good, prompts yet restrains
This spirit ; else an idle Questioner.

O Thou ! the Giver of our reason, so
Chastise its operation, that our hearts,
By no too curious subtlety misled,
Nor argument sophistical perplexed,
May cleave to Thee aright, and work Thy will !
Strengthen our faith ! Lord, help our unbelief !



A SONG OF FAITH.

I.

THE ALMIGHTY FATHER.

IN God the Father Christian men declare
True faith : this predicates the Son : from
Both

The Holy Ghost proceeding, we confess
One Godhead ; Three in One : the Father first.

O how shall Man presume to speak of God ?
How fix, unblasted, his inquiring gaze
On the Celestial Vision ? God supreme !
God from eternity and without end !
Invisible, Incomprehensible !
An omnipresent Spirit limitless !
Omniscient and omnipotent ! by essence
God, very God ! in full dominion Lord !
Earth, for He made it by The Word, is His ;
And Man, the people of His pasture ! He

Of all things Source, and Root, and Heart, and
Head !

He by the prophets as the Living God
Adored ; He who before all time begot
The Son, the Counsellor, who made the worlds ;
He whom all Earth worships continually ;
Whose will to faithful Abraham was law ;
Whose warnings, moved by faith in things un-
known,

Noah obeyed, and in the ark was saved ;
Whose oracles Isaiah spake, denouncing
Judgments on Judah ; who to Samuel
Revealed Himself in Shiloh, knowing not,
As yet, the Lord, but from that time believing ;
Who on the Mount, and face to face before
The Tabernacle's door, to Moses spake,
Delivering to his hand the decalogue
By His own finger graved, and uttering
Words that should die not, though His prophets
die !

This is the great " I AM ;" Jehovah ; Jah !
God, without whom nothing that is had been ;
Without whom infinitely perfect, nought
That is were good ; nature had known no law,
Creatures no instinct, and no conscience man.
The voice divine within us cries, " God is !"

His power is manifest ; His wisdom sure :
But Revelation shows us *what* He is.
The God of love ! glassed in His works we see Him :
The beautiful and great of His creation
Do testify their Maker. We behold
This world, and from the Visible infer
Things yet unseen ; Godhead ; eternal Power.
Creator of all beings, man alone,
The rational, may call Him Father. We
Participate with angels, and are sons.
And He who made preserves : paternal care
Upholds, as with a father's love on earth.
Duty thus binds the offspring to his Sire,
And filial ties endear. O blessed tie !
That vivifies devotion ; making Hope
The cherisher of prayer : was it not Christ
Himself who taught us to invoke Him " Father !"
Nor use vain repetition in our prayer ?
That Father, who knows all our wants, unsought ;
And needs not importunity to give.
Instructed thus, afflictions fall on us
As fatherly correction ; griefs as blessings.
He loves, He pities us ! when sorrow melts
Our spirits, like exhaling dews our tears
Heavenward ascend, to sink in useful showers :
Making the desert blossom unto fruit.

And shall we not bear fruit, and closer draw
The sacred tie; and step, regenerate,
To the manhood of adoption? thence arising,
Faithful from death, to stand before His throne,
Affiliated with Saints: inheritors
Of life, and true similitude of God.

But one there is, one Son, sole Archetype
Of human ties: compared with His how dim!
He, the "Belovéd Son," whose title came
Direct from heaven, even as the Baptist heard.
What joy through Him to be saluted sons!
Hailed by His lips as Brethren, in that flesh
Sown in dishonour, rising undefiled!
With Moses and Elias and the Saints
To worship and fall down, and kneel before
The Lord our Maker, singing to our God;
"Rejoicing in the strength of our salvation;
And showing forth our joy in Him with psalms!"

"For Thou, O Lord, art the great God, and King
Above all gods! Earth to its furthest bounds
Lies in Thy hands: the strength of mighty hills,
The sea, for Thou hast made it, all are Thine:
Thy hand prepared the habitable land;
And stretched abroad the heavens; and set therein
The sun to rule by day, the moon by night,

The stars, and the great bounty of the cloud !
Come with thanksgiving to His gates ! approach
His courts with praise ! For gracious is the Lord ;
His mercy everlasting ; and His truth
Endures through generations without end !”

Hear how, through lips prophetic, the Lord
Boundless dominion and majestic state
Proclaims, “ Behold, the heaven it is My throne,
The earth my footstool !”—“ Fill I not heaven and
earth ?”

So spake the eternal One, Ancient of days ;
Who dwelleth not in temples made with hands :
“ But maketh earth His floor,” “ that in the air
Hangeth on nothing ;” and o’ercanopies
His chambers with the star-set firmament ;
“ Who rideth on the pinions of the wind ;”
Whose voice is thunder from the cloud ; who
wrappeth

The tempest round Him as a garment ; bows
The heaven descending ; darkens earth ; the sea
Before His footstep rushing into light !
The breeze that wakes beneath the morning star
Wafts perfume from His breath ; the beams of noon
Are as His searching glances ; dewy Eve
Shadowed with angel messengers of peace,

Sped from His cloudy tent on sunset's verge!

O Fancies weak of Man! The weights of sin
And sorrow press them back upon the earth.
Our crowding thoughts are but as motes that load
The sunbeam, dimming our day. To man no more
The vision is vouchsafed, that erst unveiled
Heavens mysteries to Ezekiel; and inspired
John the Divine; that pictured forth to Job
The morning stars, shouting with joy and singing
While they beheld earth's deep foundations laid.
Glorious and blessed spirits! whose calm eyes
Gaze ever on the Temple and its Priest,
The immaculate Son; and, Cherub-borne afar,
Holy of Holies named, the Mercy-seat!

Frail as thou art, Man, turn thee to thy God!
Confession of our faith is duty; worship
Glorifies God below; an humble prayer
Draws to obedience, and averts from sin;
Solaces all afflictions; elevates
From worldly care, by contemplating God.
Consider what *He* is: think what *we* are:
Look to His works, the heavens, the moon, the
stars,
By Him ordained: O philosophic Pride!
Thine optic glass rebukes thee; mark, beyond

Thy natural ken, million on millions rise
Of Systems mightier than our own; and far
Above, like dust of stars, that luminous haze;
Illimitable worlds! known but to God!

Lord! what is Man, 'mid Thy creation vast,
Visible and invisible, that Thou
Shouldst have respect for Adam's fallen race;
Children whom Thou hast nourished, sons per-
verse?

The creatures of the air, and earth, and waters,
Fulfil Thy mission; elements obey Thee;
But Man, cold as the snows, light as the clouds,
Inconstant as the wind, defies his Maker:
Inebriate with blessings, he forgets
The hand that gave; death; and the doom to come.

"Thou Searcher of all hearts! who knowest all
Our ways, and countest even our thoughts unborn
And hearest every utterance of the tongue,
O whither shall we flee Thy spirit, where
Hide from Thy presence? If we climb to heaven,
If we go down to hell, there, too, art Thou!
If we take the wings of morning, and go forth
Beyond the utmost sea, Thy hand shalt lead,
And Thy right hand uphold us! If we say
Darkness shall cover us, straightway our night.

Becomes as day ; dark is with Thee no dark,
Darkness and light to Thee are both alike !
How dear, O God ! thy counsels are ! how great
The sum of them ! more numerous than the sands
Are they in telling. Try, O God ! and prove,
Yea, purge our hearts ; examine every thought ;
Search out the ways of wickedness within us,
And lead us in the everlasting Way !” *

* From the 139th Psalm.



II.

THE ETERNAL SON.

IMMANUEL—God with us! Brief, yet profound,

These words of mystery : nor less than this
Our creed must comprehend ; our God proclaims.

And such, before His human birth, that Name
By angel lips enjoined, Jesus! which speaks
A Saviour-God : and that which doth affirm
His office, and His glorious title, Christ !

Mark the distinction well : Jesus, the Man,
And Saviour of the world ; Christ, the Anointed,
Messias, promised in old time by God ;
And by His people awaited. This involves
The mystery sublime of divine Love,
From His eternal glory before worlds,
'To the low station of afflicted Man,
Stooping ; yea, from equality with God,
To serve and teach : by filial duties bound ;
Obedient to all laws ; inculcating
Reverence to rulers ; by example high

Teaching self sacrifice and charity :
Physician sure, staying the plague of sin :
Good Shepherd of the flock, denying not
His life to save ; the Bread ; the mystic Vine,
Holier than Eden's tree of life ; the door
Of life eternal ; and the Way ; the Truth ;
The Sender of the Spirit on all flesh.

O Earth ! be glad : " for unto us hath come
Good tidings of great joy : to us that day,
In the city of David, was a Saviour born,
Even Christ the Lord !" " They that in darkness
walked

Have seen a glorious light : on them the light
Hath shone—the people, dwellers in the land
Of the shadow of death ! For unto us a Child
Is born, a Son is given. His name shall be
Wonderful ! Counsellor ! the Mighty God !
The everlasting Father ! Prince of Peace !"

His were the words that, piercing as a sword,
Made men, yea kings, His captives ; conquering
To save. Unarmed He wrought the victory !
He, with authority, the will of God
Revealed. He, only, might declare the Father
Who in His bosom, from eternity,
Hath dwelt, His Only Son : whose Word, believed,
Hath virtue to win everlasting palms.

True Saviour He, indeed, who, not with gold,
Nor silver, corruptible things, redeems
From Satan and the slavery of sin ;
But gives His priceless blood, His own dear life,
A Lamb upon the altar, without spot !

O wondrous love of God to man ! that yields
His Only Son to save ! O mighty love
Of Christ who died for us ! What love in us
Can satisfy our debt ? He, in return,
Asks but obedience : He, whom winds and waves
And hell obeyed ; before whose touch disease
Retired, and re-awakened life arose !
Alas ! shall Man, of all created things,
Alone rebel ?

Behold, with open gate
The second Temple stands ; and prophet voices,
The old Evangelists, sound from the porch,
And bid us enter. Lo ! the glorious House !
And He, the Angel of the covenant,
More glorious than all glories of the first !
Urim and Thummim, the great Oracle,
God's will revealing ; Ark of the covenant,
Whence God spake audibly : the altar fire,
Descending to the sacrifice : the unction,
That made the anointed Priest as God with us ;
The Spirit of Grace prophetic, which on Him

Was, without measure, poured, and He to us
Communicates from His great overflow !
All earth is Sion now—the Temple Christ !

To Him, in full dominion absolute,
As God, from whom all good things emanate,
This world belongs : in Him, as Son of man,
All power is vested till the day of doom,
In earth and heaven, salvation to achieve ;
And over sin and death triumphant, lead
His rescued people to eternal joys.
A mystery this ; for truth is mystery :
Yea, things there are whose height nor thought of
man,

Nor ken of angels, can attain ; and truths
Authentic, yet incomprehensible.
In Christ we must believe as Man and God ;
Eternal Son of the eternal Father ;
Coeval, co-essential : this is Faith ;
Based on the rock of eighteen centuries.
Vainly hath human wit perverse, and art
Sophistical, assailed this citadel.
The shafts of fancy fall innocuous,
And Genius in the web of heresy
Sinks strangled : blessed scriptures are too strong,
Tradition too unshaken : Reason uplifts
Her large eyes from the scrutiny, and frowns

On the reviler. In the ways of God
He finds no contradiction, though remote
From Man's accustomed path : God's attributes
He trusts, however vast, because Divine.
All questions, therefore, terminate in this ;
The Finite cannot comprehend the Infinite—
Man is but Man at last ; and God is God !

With wonder and deep pity we look back,
We from our vantage ground of time, on them
The people and the land, illustrious long
With glories all their own. Lo ! where they stand,
Patriarchs, anointed Priests, and Saviour Kings,
Judges, and Prophets ! He, at last, their Lord,
From David sprang ; Redeemer of the world !
Who dwelt, and taught, and prayed with them
alone.

There stood the altar of that sacrifice
Which cleanses earth : from thence shone forth
that Power

Ruling no more a nation, but the world.
Thy vital air He breathed, He trod thy mountains,
Drank thy pure wells, and voyaged on thy waters,
Dwelt in thy homesteads, taught within thy temple,
Gazed, mournful, on thy fields of old renown,

And cedarn woods with shadowy frondage cool.

O Judah ! who was like to thee ? O people !
To you the oracles of God were trusted ;
To you pertained the adoption and the name,
The Covenant, the Services, the Law,
Of God, and His great promises fulfilled.
From you the Elders issued ; in your flesh
Christ, Lord and King of all, was living Man ;
He, sole Redeemer of mankind, to whom
All knees in worship bend, the Wonderful !
He, Israel's glory, and the Gentile's light ;
God everlastingly, yet Man with us ;
Eternal Son in heaven, yet born in Time ;
An Infant, glorified by Angel choirs ;
Laid lowly in a manger, yet adored
By star-led Sages coming from afar.

And yet, O People of David ! whose high song
Invoked Him fairer than the sons of men,
Ye saw no divine beauty in His face :
Sad seemed He, not to be desired, although
His goodness and His wonders were before you ;
His power encompassed you like light and air.

And so He walked with you, and shared in all
Your sorrows ; and partook the common lot.
Baptized as Man ; forgiving sins as God :
Suffering, as Man, temptation ; who for men

Hath overcome the world, and conquered sin :
He hungered ; but fed thousands : was athirst ;
But cried aloud, " Come all who thirst to Me !"
Weary He was ; but promised rest to all :
He slept ; but waked to calm the wind and sea :
He prayed ; but listened to our prayers : He wept ;
But from our eyes wiped all their tears away :
Sold for a price, He ransomed all : endured
Stripes from the hands he came to strengthen,
wounds

From those who saw Him heal all sicknesses :
He died ; was buried : and rose up again
To heaven : the Saviour of the Race that slew Him !

Ay, this was He for whom the Elders looked ;
Whom prophets hymned ; whom high obser-
vances,

And sacrifice, and ceremonies led to ;
In whom all was fulfilled that was foretold ;
All imperfection cured ; all doubt dispelled !

And now, behold ! a new thing hath befallen :
All things that are, His coming hath made new !
New priesthood ; a new covenant ; new law ;
New sacraments ; new people ; who indeed
Worship not at Jerusalem, nor pray
In the Temple only, but, in every place,
Worship their God in spirit and in truth !

“ O sing we a new song unto the Lord !
For marvellous are the things that He hath done.
With His own right hand, and with His holy arm,
He for Himself hath won the victory !
Salvation hath the Lord declared ; and shewed
The Heathen openly His righteousness.
To Israel His truth He hath remembered ;
Our God’s salvation all the Earth hath seen !
Shew yourselves joyful in the Lord, all lands ;
Sing ye ; rejoice ; give thanks !

O praise the Lord
Upon the harp : sing to the harp with psalms !
Blow out your trumpets and sweet shawms ; and
shew
Your joyfulness before your Lord and King !
Exult, deep Sea and all that in thee dwells ;
Round Earth, be glad, with all thy children sing !
Yea, let the mighty waters clap their hands—
And joyful be the hills before the Lord !
For He cometh, for He cometh, to the Earth
To judge : and He with righteousness shall judge
The world at last, with equity the People !” *

* Cantate Domino.



III.

CHRIST BORN OF WOMAN.

THE Word made flesh, the human and Divine
United, thus the Son of God became
The Son of man ; of David's house ; the seed
Of Eve, ordained to crush the Serpent's head.
By miracle of holy power and virtue
Conceived, and sanctified to holy ends :
Born of a Virgin, under the law, undowered
In aught, save her renowned progeniture,
Beloved the most by God : she, poor and lowly,
Humble and meek, religious and sincere,
Of purity unsullied through all time,
She was the sacred vessel set apart
With favour and especial blessing ; she
For whom the Almighty hath done glorious things,
Endowing with such privilege, unshared ;
Who by all nations ever hath been blessed,
With honour, such as Christian Fathers gave ;
(But worship, adoration, to her Son)
Mary, Deipara ! mother of the Lord !
Think of Him then, the Woman born, her flesh,

The nursling of her blood, in infancy
Pillowed in sleep on her soft lap, or bright
With His awakened smile ; and dewy lip
Seeking the well of life within her breast ;
With fixed eyes gazing on her stooping face
In love unutterable ; she the while
Chaunting with joy renewed her spiritual song :

“ My soul doth magnify the Lord !

My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour !
For He hath had regard
To His handmaiden's lowliness. Behold !
Henceforth the sons of men shall call me blessed ;
For me the Mighty One hath magnified :
And Holy is His Name !
With them that fear Him dwells His mercy ever.
His arm hath shewn its strength, scattering the
Proud

In the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the Mighty from their seat
And raised the Meek : the Hungry with good
things
Hath filled ; and empty sent the Rich away.
Remembering His mercy, He hath holpen
Israel His servant : as to our forefathers
He promised, Abraham and his seed for ever !” *

* Magnificat.

So sang the Virgin-mother o'er her Babe :
True fruitage of her womb, though Son of God.
For perfect man He was, in all but sin ;
With sentient soul to all emotions thrilling,
Laborious thought, and body sensitive ;
A nature prone to suffering ; sure to die ;
All these were His : nor otherwise could be
Propitiatory sacrifice fulfilled.

In wisdom and in stature thus He grew :
Finite perfections, with a subject will
Appealing to the Father : and His soul
Heavy with sorrows, as His eyes with tears.
And when they struck the thorns into His brow,
And pierced with cruel spear His sacred side,
Did not the wounds bleed, and the tender flesh
Quiver ?—All this He suffered : 'twas the bond
Of a mysterious covenant, whereby
God to His creatures might be reconciled.

Love, such as this, to man unsanctified
By faith, must seem incomprehensible.
Love without measure, fain to combat all
The evils of humanity, and bow
Beneath the yoke of law, to die ; that so
Perfect Atonement should be made, and one
Sin offering from one altar rise to heaven.
Thenceforth all they who look upon the Cross,

As Israel on the serpent held on high
By Moses in the desert, shall have hope;
And wrath appeased surcease.

In perfect manhood

Did Christ thus walk subjected upon earth.
The great example of all righteous deeds,
Pure thoughts, and dutiful observances.
Shewing how pangs, and sorrows, and disgrace,
May be endured : and all the pomps of earth,
Wealth, splendour, joys, contentedly renounced!

Yet deem not that in Him was ever pause
In the divine prerogative. He took
Our Being, and assumed Humanity,
With Power; and, therefore, was He God and
Man.

Not by commixture; so, being different
From each, He could be neither : nor conversion;
For how could God be changed? nor in division,
Distinguishable; for as soul and flesh
Are but one man, so there is but one Christ :
But joined for ever, and inseparably ;
Persistent God and Man; even when the bond
Of soul and flesh were, humanly, dissolved !
Such in the sacramental elements
We hold the mystic union ; bread and wine
Not changed to fleshly substance nor to blood,

But still what they appear ; with Christ in them.
So taught the Fathers—and the Church approves !

“ Blessed be Thou, Lord God of Israel !
Who comest to Thy people to redeem.
Who raisest in thy servant David’s house
Mighty salvation ; as before Thou spakest
By mouths of prophets, since the world began,
That we should be delivered from our foes !
Thy mercies promised to our forefathers
Thou dost perform : and Thou rememberest
Thy holy covenant ; to keep the oath
Thou swearest to our father Abraham :
That we, from thralldom saved, in holiness
And righteousness might serve Thee without fear.
And Thou, O Child ! shalt evermore be called
Prophet of the most High ! Thou shalt prepare
His way before the Lord, and shew His people
Salvation ; for remission of their sins ;
And through the mercy of our God, whereby
The day-spring from on high hath come, give light
To them in darkness sitting, and the shadow
Of death : and guide our wandering feet to
peace !” *

* Benedictus.



IV.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

BY primal sin and its attendant curse,
By need of an expiatory rite,
By types foreshown, by prophecies foretold,
By time fulfilled and the accomplished hour,
And by that voice which from the wilderness
Caught up Isaiah's song and cried "Prepare
The way of the Lord!" Israel expected Christ :
And night forespent the promised Star arose.

Not rare, but manifold, significant,
Shone forth, like dawn upon the mountain tops
Kindling successively, those types. Behold !
First fruit of sin, first sacrifice by man,
Near his accepted offering Abel falls ;
While far the fratricide, with brand of guilt,
Flies from his father's home, and dwells apart ;
Progenitor of crime, and mighty woes !
Next, Enoch the beloved, who walked with God,
And passed from earth without the pains of death ;
Blest herald of a world beyond the grave !

He, ere the Law was given : and after him,
But subject to the Law, Elias came,
And saw his Angel ministrant, and heard
The voice of God conversing on the Mount,
And knew that he should die not, but ascend,
As Enoch, in the flesh ; leaving behind
His mantle to the chosen Follower.

He too, Melchisedec, father of the Church,
Who stands without record of birth or death,
Mysterious ; yet projecting a true shadow,
Like a great Torso on the floor of Time.
Him Abram, girt from battle, knew, and sought
With offerings due, apportioned ; and from him,
The Priest of the high God, free blessing took ;
And, not without a sign, the bread and wine,
Of Earth the sacramental fruit, received.
So Abram went refreshed. Thence mark his way
To far Moriah's mount : behold them there,
The patriarchal sire, the patient son,
Bending beneath the sacrificial wood ;
The altar, and inexorable steel !
Obedience proved, the pretermitted rite
Pauses, and lo ! in the near boscage snared,
The doomed ram struggles with entangled horn.
Onward the vision sweeps. Lo ! Sinai's hill ;
And Moses shining from the light of God !

Commissioned prophet ; Giver of the Law ;
Deliverer from bondage ; and for sin
An Intercessor, not without avail.

Next Joshua ; true Captain, faithful Judge,
Renewer of the Covenant ; who died
Binding his People to their God. Then David ;
Warrior and King, Prophet and holy Bard ;
Champion, before whose arm the mightiest fell ;
Clear visioned Seer, before whose eye resolved
The mist of time ; whose sacred mouth discoursed
The mercies of the Lord, and solemnized
His worship with the people. Glorious Train !
Before the eyes of Angels how they passed ;
(And now and ever pass before man's eye)
In long procession o'er the stage of earth :
That mystery of seasons and of times,
Hid in the deep heart of futurity,
Rehearsing here below !

And holy symbols

There were, that yielded foretaste, and prepared
Submissive minds to watch the coming signs.
The Paschal Lamb ; the cleansing blood, whereby
The averted pestilence might overpass ;
The unbroken bones ; the hour ; the day ; the
month ;
In all decreed to be coincident

With that divine Oblation typified.

Again, when in the desert, by Mount Hor,
The serpent brood of fiery tooth were loosed
On impious men murmuring against their God,
He bade prepare a symbol ; and raise up
On high the brazen serpent, that all such
As lifted up their eyes should live ; from thence
Drawing the medicine for their wound.

“ Lift up—

O lift we up our hearts unto the Lord ;
With Angels and Archangels, and with all
The Hosts of heaven, to magnify thy name ;
Praising Thee ever ! Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God of Hosts ! Heaven and the earth are full
Of Thy great Glory : Glory be to Thee,
O Lord most High !” *

Adumbrated by types, by prophecies
Promulgated, Messias and the Cross
Were looked for ; and They came ; Redemption
came :

The awful ransom for mankind was paid.
Hunger and thirst ; temptation’s subtle sting ;
The agony and bloody sweat ; keen sense

* Eucharistic Hymn.

Of faith corrupt and trustful love betrayed ;
Death, with accumulated pangs and shames,
All exquisite torments of the mind and flesh ;
This, the worst malediction of the law,
This death He chose, that we might be assoiled
From our severest curse ; and that in Him
The body of sin might be destroyed. He gave
The seal of love, stronger than death, to bind
Man to his God ; exemplifying thus
How with an humble spirit he may bear
His heaviest lot, and triumph in the end.

Heir of first Adam by the Virgin's womb
The Man, the God, Messias, on the Cross
Died ! conscious Nature shuddered ; rocks were
rent ;

Darkness fell on the noontide sun ; earth shook ;
Graves opened, and the Ghostly Dead arose !
He suffered as the Son of man ; so only
Could He for man propitiate and atone :
For us He suffered : ay, if wants and pains,
Sorrows and shame, arraignment before men,
And death upon the tree, be sufferings,
For us He suffered ! if infirmities
Of nature, and the weight of all our sins,
And human malice, and Satanic wiles,
Encompassing His way, be sufferings,

For us He suffered ! if the voice of Saints,
And Apostolic Scripture, martyr's death,
And the Jew's scoff, be testimony, then
For us He suffered !

Now, the end fulfilled ;
Hear, O ye People ! and give ear, O Earth !
Whose myriad creatures in the time of old
For Man's transgression have sustained a doom ;
Hear, sceptred Potentates ! and laurelled Chiefs !
And toil-worn Sages ! whose dominions are
The depths and bright heights of Philosophy ;
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously ! The Lord
Hath vanquished Sin ; and for mankind achieved
Eden restored, and Immortality !

“ Glory to God on High !
And peace be on the earth, good will towards men !
We praise Thee, God ! we bless, we worship Thee ;
We glorify Thy Name ; we give Thee thanks ;
For Thy great glory we give thanks, O Lord !
God—Heavenly King—God, the Almighty Fa-
ther !

Lord Jesu Christ—only begotten Son !
Lord God—Thou Lamb of God—Son of the Fa-
ther !
That takest from the world its sins away ;

**Have mercy on us! Thou that dost remove
The sins of all the world, receive our prayer!
Thou that dost sit at God's right hand, have mercy!**

**For Thou alone art Holy : Thou alone
Art Lord : Thou only with the Holy Ghost,
In the glory of God the Father, art most High !" ***

*** From the Communion Service.**



V.

THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

THERE is a law of death, controlling each,
The vital soul, and perishable flesh :
This law the Saviour purposed to fulfil.

Hence the undying spirit, the dire throes
Of dissolution past, through realms unknown
Wings its mysterious flight ; the empire vast
Of Hades, and the inner domes of earth ;
Dim vaults or regioned space ; wherein the sires
Of the old world in Abraham's bosom slept,
Or moaned in chains of night awaiting doom.
So schoolmen, versed in pious lore, have taught,
And venerable Fathers vouched sincere.

So, too, Tradition, of all times and lands,
Gentile or Hebrew, held ; as from one source
Consistently devolving. We refer
To Scandinavian Scald, and Tartar Bonze,
Bramin, and elder Buddha's worshippers,
Asteck, and Nubian, Cuzco's royal Priests,
The Guebre, and Chaldean Zeradusht,

And Misraim's old magician crew, who stalked
The halls of Isis, murmuring mighty spells.
These, in whatever guise of fable cloaked,
Still hold in common four unquestioned truths :
A serpent tempter ; a prevailing flood ;
Incarnate Deity avenging sin ;
And Hades in the nether earth ; where bide
Elysian bowers of joy for souls beloved ;
But for the wicked Stygian glooms forlorn,
And unappeasable Tartarean fires.

Faint though they be, those echoes prove a voice ;
Those lights refracted an original ray.

We gaze on Truth through Fable's prism, all
flushed

With evanescent gleams and gem-like hues,
And know it, though in phantom beauty veiled.
So, when in holy scripture we peruse
Types needful to our faith, we naught mistrust ;
Though antique bards in mythic verse have clothed
Deep mysteries of days foregone, and shaped
Solemnities to come.

No legend vain

Feigned the old poets of Pandora : She
Fairest and first, all woman, shaped of man,
With her Olympian dowry, fatal gift,
Fraught with unheard of woes, and plagues, and
sin :

And He, the Archer of unerring bow,
That slew the Python : and great Hercules,
The Ophicide, Lernean conqueror,
And strangler of the giant Son of Earth ;
Who trod the caverned depths, and from the gloom
Of penal Tartarus restored to-day
Theseus, Perithous ; and the shrouded form
Of fond Alcestis, self devoted, bore
Home to the widowed couch ; and dragged en-
chained

The guardian hound of hell to upper air.

Gleams, too, of pale, unearthly light invest
That wondrous tale which of Prometheus spake ;
Moulder of men, who brought down fire from
heaven,

Wakening the wrath of sublunary gods.
Lo ! how, the Race he loved personified
In him, unflinchingly he bears his pangs ;
Reared high in air on that Caucasian rock,
The storm around him roaring ; at his feet
The foaming waves ; the vulture at his heart.

Not these, as proof, we urge ; nor claim regard
More than in early days of Christendom
Was yielded, with reserve, by careful men,
To the wild voicings of the pagan lyre ;
Nor wrest from fable dubious evidence.

But, gifted as we are with searching thought,
And that most subtile reason which aspires,
To glean from proof the nutriment of faith,
It is our nature to elaborate,
By power that works in the capacious brain,
What seems obscure in scripture ; or falls faint
Through distance from the apostolic voice.

Such thoughts, perchance, have root in error ;
yet

They rise like plants from crypts in search of day.
Unbidden, they arise : for not by light
Of the prophetic torch, nor doctrine plain,
Seek we to fathom the profound abysm ;
And pierce the spectral shadow of the tomb :
Hades, and mournful Limbus ; awful names !

From speculative truths, however sure,
Yet wrapped in dimness, and like objects seen
Through mist, to bulk fallacious magnified,
Turn we to Truth revealed. That Christ, who died
To satisfy the inexorable Law,
Descended after death to hell, and rose
Again : for it was writ—" Thou shalt not leave
My soul in hell, neither Thy Holy-One
Suffer to see corruption." Thither He went
To satisfy the doom of man extreme,

But worthy to bear witness through all time.

These, though they wept Him lost, and hoped
though dead,

Yet saw with doubt; until His palms and side
He bared, and bade them touch; and sat with them
Discoursing, and partook the honeycomb.

Then unbelief was quickened, and they hailed
Him they had mourned as dead their living Lord !

And so He dwelt with them a space, and gave
Counsel and inextinguishable hope,
Precepts, and full commission, with the Keys.
They saw, they heard, felt, knew Him, as a man
Of living texture; yet, so glorified
In spiritual nature, that all obstacles
Of place and distance were as naught: His steps
They marked not as He came; but suddenly,
He stood, an apparition, in the midst!

And He was gentle with them, and refrained;
And sweetly with His Godhead mingled man.
He, recent from the altar, whence His blood
Rose in atoning sacrifice to heaven;
He, Conqueror of Death and Satan's brood;
Triumphant Captain, holding in His grasp
Spoil of infernal Powers, and leading forth
Captivity His captive! Then, even then,
Was the decree enrolled, that all baptized

With Him in burial with Him should rise ;
And all the Dead in sin through Him be quick-
ened ;

All guilt forgiven ! Adam's curse annulled !

O day of joy ! when from the yielding grave,
As a mild infant from the font, wherein

The world and sin lie dead, the Saviour rose !

O day, henceforward to be set apart,

Not in the weekly cycle last, but first !

Day to be watched with an exceeding love,

And cheerful celebration, through all ages !

By bannered Nations marching 'neath the Cross ;

By sacred Kings ; by dedicated Priests ;

By Sage ; the gifted Great ; the holy Poor !

· Sing praises then, Thou universal Church !

Shout forth to heaven, Ye choirs antiphonal,

With Catholic voices clear, and hearts elate !

The Sabbath of the Saviour comes—Behold,

The Day of the Lord ! Hallow it evermore !



VI.

THE ASCENSION.

CHRIST, in his burial and descent to hell,
And resurrection, one momentous part
Of that great Action, typified and sang
By prophets breathing hope where right was none,
Accomplished ; and a Saviour stood on earth,
Amid a Race redeemed.

One closing scene remained. Sin through His
blood

Was washed away ; Death of his sting despoiled ;
The grave of victory : and now, behold !
He stands on earth's extremest verge, and soon
With gradual ascent shall cleave the clouds,
The firmament transpiercing ; and unbar
The gate of heaven and immortality !

Ay, Be ye opened, Everlasting Gates !
And let the King of Glory enter ! Him,
With shout of Angel Hosts accompanied ;
And song of Cherubim and Seraphim ;
And glorious company of Saints ; and troop

Of noble Martyrs ; and bright fellowship
Of Prophets, and the pure, undying Church,
With golden censers swinging on His path,
Marshalling onward to the inner shrine ;
Where at the holy altar before God
He, all sufficing Priest, shall offer up
The incense of our prayers ; and consecrate
His acceptable sacrifice.

And thus,
Without abating His Humanity,
Or aught from Godhead derogating, passed
Even from the midst of those He loved and taught,
Their blessed Lord : by Power divine to heaven
Ascending ; there to sit at God's right hand ;
Clothed in the splendour of the Deity
On that ethereal throne not made by hands,
Nor reached by mortal eye, whose shadow is
The purple firmament which bends above
The stars, and doth encompass the great earth,
He sat transfigured ; calm and beautiful,
With lofty brows benign, and eyes that beamed
Dominion : while above, below, around,
Archangels glorious in organic light,
A Beatific Vision, compassed Him,
Even as a living Halo ! There—and ever—
At the right hand of Power supreme He dwells ;

Around whose footstool, constant as the tide
Of ocean swelling 'neath the orb of night,
The awful sea of souls perpetually
Surge with imploring voice and suppliant eyes!

His station such, and such His functions are,
By predetermined destiny; whereby
The mystery might be resolved of sin
And death redeemed; an Intercessor won,
Human in nature, yet of power divine;
By whom our wants had been experienced, all
Temptations, and affections without sin;
Who to the fulness of the Godhead joined
Total Humanity: and so stood forth
At once Atoner, Mediator, Judge;
Without presumption loved, feared without
shame,
Without idolatry adored!

Not such

Those wild illusions of poor human craft,
Creatures of visionary bards, seduced
By weak desires, or by vague wants impelled;
Who, for great Conquerors, wise Lawgivers,
Beneficent Inventors, Heroes, Saints,
Asserted a vain Apotheosis;
Worshipping idols wrought by human hands.
So dedicated Statues rose to Pan,

Belus, and Mercury, Ceres, Bacchus, Mars ;
The Avatars of Brama, multiiform ;
And Odin, phantom of the northern seers :
Till men, grown mad in their excesses, smeared
His altars with the gore of fellow men ;
And thronged with rites obscene his temple gates ;
Making the name of the Most High a scoff
Before His desecrated shrines !

From shames
Like these, and their attendant woes, hath Christ
Restored ; bequeathing to His followers
Authority to build up His true Church ;
And Grace dispense, and pardon : a rich store
That hath sufficed. He, in this world, arraigned
As Criminal, adjudged to death, and slain,
With malefactors, on the felon's cross,
Hath in the eternal heaven resumed His throne :
King, with a sov'reignty uncircumscribed ;
Judge, on a just tribunal fixed ; nor there
Judge only, but an Advocate, to plead
Our cause and sue for pardon ; as a Priest
To intercede, and aid us in our prayer,
Solicit for our needs, and invoke
Blessings on our endeavours ; ever prompt
With favour to excuse, authority
To remedy, our weakness. He who speaks

The sentence is Himself our Mediator!

“The Lord is King! O earth, be glad thereof!
Through all thy multitude of isles rejoice!
Be glad—though clouds and darkness shadow
Him,
Judgment and Righteousness surround His
throne!

Sion hath heard it and rejoiced. O ye,
Who love the Lord, see that ye hate the thing
That evil is! The Lord preserves His Saints,
And from ungodly men shall He deliver!
A Light is sprung up for the Righteous; joy
For the True hearted. To your King give thanks
For a remembrance of His holiness!” *

Why holds He thus His royal session, one
With God, yet visibly our King? Because
The office of a king is merciful,
Yet constant in upholding righteous Law;
A Scourger of Oppression; who rides forth
Our Captain, in the presence of our foes;
Friend of the Lowly; Queller of the Proud;
Because Regality, itself, is held
Through Grace of Christ alone; Christ, who sub-
dues

* From the 97th Psalm.

Hell, and the sinful flesh, and Death himself;
All that resists His service; or debars
From full fruition of all gifts and grace;
And access to those heavenly joys, prepared
For those who tread the path He heralded.

That throne on High He took, from thence to
send

On man the Holy Spirit. Precious pledge
Of an incomparable love! first fruit
Of intercession!

Who henceforth shall doubt
His promises—and who that trusts shall fear?
Who suffers sorrow, or endures a wrong,
Or stands in peril, but shall look to Him,
Encompassed with Divinity, for strength?
To Him, who dwelt with us, and was of us;
Our Master and our Friend; now King in heaven:
Who bids us to approach Him fearlessly,
With open speech, and confident of aid!

In Him be all our trust—devotion—hope!
And high as heaven, in which His dwelling is,
Be all our aspirations! may no vain
And base desires, no objects mean, compel
Our souls to earth! but, having Christ our head,
Our life, our treasure, where He is direct,

Almighty Father! our affections—lead
Our wandering steps to Him, and that Abode—
That glorious Rest—to which, poor sojourners
Of weary Earth, our pilgrimage aspires!
Strengthen us in obedience; stimulate
With prospect of the great reward He won,
And we, through Him, may reach! For lo! the
race

Is set before us; and the Goal appears!
That Kingdom which He covenants to us,
Even as the Father covenants to Him!



VII.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

“**T**HE trumpet shall sound, and incorruptible
The Dead arise; and we shall all be
changed,

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye!”

To the four winds that Seraph trump shall
blow

Sonorous, in their graves it shall awake
The Sleepers, and compel all breathing Flesh
From life's vain dream to start, and meet their
Judge.

Behold, He comes! The firmament is rent;
The clouds unrol their glowing canopy,
Instinct with Cherub faces, and bright eyes
Intensely gazing, and loud harmonies
Echoing through all those luminous aisles that
lead

To the expanded gates and courts of heaven.

And who that Judge? Say, whose that kingly
form

Of human lineament, but mien divine ;
That Apparition stepping on the air
Beaming with inward light, and glorious brow ?
'Tis He who trod the earth as Man, and died
As Man ; but as a God went up to heaven ;
While the clouds opened, and the Angels stood
White robed, and with reverted eyes intent
On the Apostles ; as, with upraised arm,
And finger pointing to the Saviour's form,
They spake—"This Jesus, who from you is taken
To heaven, shall thus from heaven return again !"

He comes to judge the world !—Thou palsied
Earth—

Mother of many children ! thy last throes
Are past : no more shalt thou conceive in sin,
No more bring forth in sorrow : Wake—arise.
The thunders of the Lord are muttering doom
Around thy smouldering couch ; thy hoary hills
Wax paler 'neath the flashing pageantry
Of Hosts angelical that throng the air.
Yet wail not, terror stricken ; weep no more.
He comes—but with long suffering, full of mercy ;
And will absolve the Penitent.—O grief !
O People ! Raise that wail of woe, once more !
For who of woman born is penitent—
Or who shall hope through merit of his own ?

But hush! a fearful calm—a shuddering pause—
And one low voice sounding at every ear—
“ Arise! and to the judgment seat of Christ
Bring Conscience!”

Ah—no more our Monitor;
Dread Witness now! one earthquake wide to dust
Shakes tower and temple to the ground; vast rifts
Gape in the vallies; whence the legion hands
Of flame-uplifted Demons are thrust forth:
For Man must be condemned! A hollow laughter
Rolls up from the profound depths, heaved, like
surges

Heard in the tempest's lull on rock-bound shores.
Hush—once again! Once more that silver voice,
Low, musical, and clear, pierces the air;
And still, alas! in every ear.

“ Your Judge
Was Brother of your nature, meek and lowly;
For your salvation suffered all things; prayed
For you in death, and reconciled to God!
And, now, He wears the crown who bore the cross!
And He is God whom ye behold, but sheathed
In that fraternal flesh that ye have known;
So, may ye look upon Him, face to face,
And know your Judge, and own the sentence just.
Ye Blessed! come to that bright Realm prepared

By the Father, before all the worlds, for you !
But Ye, accursed Race ! depart from Me !
Go to the everlasting fires reserved
For Satan and his angels !”

* * * * *

The vision fades—the sounds in distance die !
And now I stand like one o’er whom the deep
Waters have rolled, emerging with a cry,
And hollow murmurs busy in the brain.
The vision fades, but awful thoughts endure.

Ponder this well ; The day of doom will come ;
Doom of ecstatic joy, or vast despair !
Should not such thought beget some fear ? Shall we
Not tremble—yea, as Felix on his throne
Shook, when he heard the voice of holy Paul
Discoursing judgment and the doom to come ?
O Creatures weak as blind ! our nerves are strong
In disobedience, strong where Devils tremble !

Power is of God : His ways infallible :
His sentence changeless. Think, ere yet too late,
Think, subjects of His Royalty, and serfs
Who owe Him true obedience, under bond ;
Ye stand accountable for talents, given
To worthy ends ; for exercise of will
Bestowed to instigate to righteous deeds ;
For dutiful observance of plain laws,

Framed for God's glory, and the good of man.
In fine, He gave His Son!—Who disobeys,
Dishonours, by that act, his Saviour; spurns
The Holy Spirit; and renounces God.

You whisper doubt?—and, if a doubt there were,
Have you no natural fears—no worldly craft?
If to be safe is wise, be wise in time!
But ah! your Judge is just: you hope Him mild;
Benign of purpose, liberal of hand;
Apt to relent on importunity?
And dare you, then, confront those gracious eyes,
Those lips whose mild behests you disregard,
The confidence you violate, the will
You combat, and the love you have repulsed?
Dare you?—Consider, then, His anger; frowns
Clouding that generous amplitude of brow;
That voice, so sweet in its affection, toned
To stern rebuke, sad words of destiny!
Think of Him thus—in all His Terrors robed,
With menace in His mien, and voice of wrath;
And the judicial Doom, without appeal!

For then, not as a Monitor, He comes,
But terrible in majesty; and armed
With regal emblems, and a Victor's sword;
Ensigns of Power, and Train of Empery.
He speaks—the irrevocable words go forth—

And fate ensues, concluding all! For all,
Yea, every tongue, condition, sex, or age,
The prince, the peasant, wise or ignorant,
The Rich, the Poor, the Scholar, or the Fool,
Must stand on trial, and hear sentence pass.
That time we know not. Watch, for it will come!

“ I said, I will take heed unto my ways ;
That I offend not with my tongue. My mouth
As with a bridle I will keep. I held
My peace ; but it was pain and grief to me.
My heart grew hot within me while I mused,
And the fire kindled ; and I spake at last.
Lord ! let me know the number of my days—
O tell me, Lord ! how long I have to live !
Behold, our days are as a span ; our age
To Thee as naught. In a vain shadow Man
Walketh, himself vainly disquieting.
He heapeth wealth, knowing not who shall gather :
Now, Lord ! what is my hope—in Thee alone !” *
O Thou ! with whom the inevitable hour
To Thy omniscient glance is as to-day ;—
For separable times, to Thee, and space,
Are idle names ; the future and the Past

* From the 39th Psalm.

Converging to one everlasting Now ;—
Make strong our feeble nature : that our thoughts
May, with raised hope, anticipate that day.
Yet not our hearts shall judge ; for then, indeed,
The account were easy, and the verdict light ;
But they shall answer make before that Bar
Where subterfuge avails not.

And well for Man
That there shall be just judgment after death !
For not on earth does punishment pursue
The Evil doer ; nor does virtue meet
Reward : these are hereafter. So, the griefs
Of righteous, and rejoicings of bad men ;
And persecutions of the Wise, and strength
Of froward Fools ; and youthful Martyrs yielding
Their breath in agony ; and hoary Tyrants
Folding their sanguinary hands in peace
On reverend death-beds ; these, that to the Sage
Of ancient days were as a stumbling block,
Rocks of offence, whereon even David struck,
With faltering footstep ; these, to Christian men,
Are proof that God His canon hath decreed
Of overruling justice after death :
That retribution is deferred : the due
Award, proportionate to each, reserved
For one great Judgment Day—the last of Time !



VIII.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

THE Sadducee hath said there is no Soul,
Angel, nor Resurrection after death :
Yet there seems room to doubt that even he
Denied the Being of the Spirit of God :
For he denied not God : and God is Spirit.

The Pharisee, by him despised, confessed
A resurrection ; and, in a sense restrained,
Spirits angelical, created Powers.
Therefore they erred, not knowing yet the truth
By gospel light revealed : for to the Jews,
Whose law of faith was God in Unity,
The mystery profound of Three in One
Was undeveloped. Prophecies were dark,
And faint traditions fell as shadows, cast
Down from unseen Realities, 'till Earth
Received her Christ ; and, when He passed away,
Him whom He sent, the Holy Paraclete ;
Acknowledged not to outward sense revealed,
But known within the heart, and by His Fruits.

Then the essential Truth, Triunity
Of Godhead ; Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
Three Persons but one God, was manifest
By proofs unerring ; with appeal to words
Plainly pronounced, and context manifold ;
Creed, from the first delivered and maintained,
Which none may question who confess that Word
Through ages of enduring faith devolved.

Not now may *we* plead ignorance, as once
Ephesian converts, the baptized of John,
Knew not the Spirit ; uninstructed then
Of His miraculous effusion, yet
Denying not His name and potency.
For they to Christ conformed, and recognized
The manner of His birth ; no mortal Sire
Conceiving, but the Holy One from Heaven :
As Gabriel to the Virgin Mother spake
Wrapt in the shadow of the Deity.

How shall we then confess that Holy Name ?
How speak of Him whose energy and power
And operative Nature pierces through
All flesh, and mingles with the subtile soul ?
Even as a perfect Entity—a Spirit
Of vital, uncreated intellect :
For such the Saviour's words clearly expressed,
When to His sorrowing Followers He said—

“ If I go not away The Comforter
Will not come to you ; but, if I depart,
Him will I send.” And thus, again, He spake—
“ The Comforter, whom I shall send to you—
Send—from the Father.” Mark distinctly here
Three Persons, and three Actions, separate ;
With functional abstraction : Father—Son—
And, from these Two proceeding, Holy Ghost.

And who shall dare condemn as idle form,
Or empty words, recital of these names
In baptism, and all sacramental rites ?
To these, be sure, an efficacious Power
Belongs, and by that adjuration bound
We make a plain profession : which, renounced,
May draw down penalties irrevocable
On all who sin against the Holy Ghost.

We are not, then, abandoned to surmise :
For He, in whom is all our trust, hath spoken.
Mark well : a Person may have qualities,
And energies, with actions suitable ;
But it were folly to impersonate
Functions and operations, and impute
To Faculties volition, thought and life ;
As He must have, who, sent by One, is known
Departing from Another. This, indeed,
Infers distinction broad and palpable.

O Holy One! O Comforter! in Thee
Such mysteries of feeling are evolved
Paternal, as within the human heart
Of the Redeemer dwelt; and Thou dost share
With Him emotions and affections, stirred
By grief: for Thou dost "Intercession make
With groanings, which cannot be uttered." Thou
"Searchest all things—yea, the deep things of
God!"

All spiritual gifts are Thine—"to each
Dividing severally as Thou wilt."
God's will Thou dost reveal, speaking to men;
As when at Antioch Thou bad'st separate,
Meet for Thy service, Barnabas and Saul.
And Christ, Himself, that we might know aright
Thy blessed Nature, called Thee "Comforter"—
"Teacher of all things that should testify
Of Him; with the Disciples witnessing."
He promised, "that Thou shouldst reprove the
world,
Guiding His Followers to all truth; and shew
The things to come."

O praise ye then His Name
For ever! He whose Power conceived the Christ:
Whom, in his benediction, holy Paul

Named with the Father and the Son ; who dwells
With man unseen, but spiritual and true ;
Who spake, who heard, who testified, reprov'd,
Instructs us, crowns us : pouring Grace divine,
As sanctifying unction, o'er our hearts.

Praise Him ! the Uncreated—Spirit of God—
Who is in God—and is God—One for ever !

Praise Him ! whose Majesty to violate
Is that mysterious, remediless, Sin !

Praise Him ! who in the manner of a Dove
On Christ descended, while the Father spake
From Heaven, and openly proclaimed His Son !

Praise Him ! who cleanses all impurities,
And wraps us in the robe of holiness :
So that with white-stoled Angels we may stand
Before the throne of God !

Praise Him ! who moulds
Our stubborn will depraved, 'till it conform
To God's known pleasure ; unpolluted thus,
Able to taste joys incorruptible !
For who but He shall shape our actions, prompt
Our lips to acceptable service, wrought
With loving reverence ? who renovate
Our courage, quell desires, direct our prayer ?
Who spiritually make us one with Christ ;
By baptism creating us in Him,

And Him in us by a pure life? Who give
The grace of confirmation, and anoint
Warriors of God, Princes and Priests, yea children

Whose cry is, "Abba—Father!" with sure pledge,
And earnest sealed, of that Inheritance
Which those shall reach who keep His covenant.

And He it is whose ordination gives
Their sanctity to Christian ministers ;
Placing them men apart ; to intercede,
And bless, expound the Gospel, pray, exhort,
Denounce bad men, absolve the Penitent,
And consecrate all sacramental gifts.
A ministry successively derived
From the Apostles : with full power endued
For pastoral functions, and command to lead
The Flocks of God through pastures ever green ;
Where holiness is as the scent of flowers,
And joy innumerable as leaves on trees,
And sorrow gentle as dispersing showers,
And hope reviving as was Elim's well,
And memory soothing as the hum of bees,
Or murmuring fall remote, or chiming bells,
And consciousness of life a keen delight,
Pure, fresh, and glowing, as the spousal Spring!

* " Creator Spirit come !

Thou who hast formed our hearts, fill them with
grace ;

Dwell in our minds, and make us thine ! For Thou
Art Comforter—the Gift of God most High !
Wellspring of life—eternal Fire of Love—
And Spiritual unction ! Thou of sevenfold gifts
Writest with God's own finger in man's heart ;
Making our lips rich with the Father's praise."

Dawn, Light of heaven ! upon our eyes ! O Love
Divine within our souls be kindled ! Strength,
Come from above, for human flesh is frail !
Beat back our Foe ! be Thou our Guide, our Peace,
And evil shall fly far ! Teach us to know
The Father, and confess the Son, and Thee
O Holy Ghost believe, from Both proceeding !
For lo ! the Fruits are Thine, whose primal flowers
Swelled on the Tree of Life in Paradise ;
Love, joy, and peace, long suffering, gentleness,
Goodness and faith, meekness and temperance :
Against such is no Law. " Blessed are They,
The poor in spirit, Heaven is their heritage :

* Veni Creator Spiritus.

Blessed are they that mourn, they shall have comfort:

Blessed the meek, they shall inherit earth :

Blessed all they who thirst for righteousness,

They shall be filled : blessed the merciful,

Mercy shall they obtain : blessed the pure

In heart, for they shall look upon their God :

Blessed the peacemakers, God's children they :

Blessed the persecuted for Christ's sake,

Yea, for the Master's Kingdom shall be their's!" *

Spirit of Grace eternal ! who, alone,

All maledictions of the world dost turn

To Blessings, come ! that we may yet partake

Their sanatory sweets, refreshed, and live !

* Beatitudes. St. Matthew, v. 1.



IX.

THE CHURCH CATHOLIC.

THE supernatural Truths revealed in Christ,
The sacraments and holy ceremonies
Used as He hath appointed, which lead on,
Nay instigate to Godliness, and fence
From sin, and are memorials of His gifts,
Sure warrants of our faith, and marks whereby
His Flock may be distinguished : furthermore
Men's union with these things, in word and deed,
While by their lawful Pastors undefiled,
Leaders along the paths of holiness,
They walk instructed : these denote the true
And manifest condition of " The Church ;"
Essential, proper, and inseparable.

Ponder these things ; discuss in humbleness :
So chastened Reason shall submit to Faith,
And help thee to shake off all adversaries,
As the vexed viper from the hand of Paul.

The day of Pentecost was come ; They sat

Together : when a mighty sound was heard
As of the rushing wind : and suddenly,
Like tongues of fire alighting on each head,
The Holy Spirit came ; sent forth by God,
The promised Gift of their departed Lord !

Rightly the Church commemorates that time,
And as her Birthday keeps : for then began
The Gospel to be preached throughout the world.
Then their commission the Apostles spread
Before all people, and proclaimed the Faith.
The Church began : the sacred Body rose
To life, with limbs of power and generous pulse ;
Her breath the Holy Spirit, Christ her head !

No earthly frame was hers ; no secular bond
Compulsive, as the human law requires
To mould and to coerce society.
Yet her's a regal state : for Christ hath said,
“ Even as my Father sent Me, send I you.”
“ And I appoint to you a Kingdom, as
He to a Kingdom hath appointed Me.”

And Sacerdotal powers, with functions meet,
Are her's ; the visible Exponent given
Of the Invisible—Guardian of the Keys,
And consecrated Vicar in those towers
That stand upon the Rock, and point to Heaven.
There holds she up her hands ; sends down from
thence

Her glorious ministration ; from the first
Expanding with legitimate descent
Even to our day ; and by inheritance
With pomps severe adorned, and emblems sure
Illustrated, and orderly array
Of a sufficing Hierarchy endowed.

Holy she must be ever. Christ in her
Hath fixed His dwelling ; 'mid the crowded mart,
Or lonely desert, or the pathless sea,
Wherever two or three shall gather, there
His Sanctuary stands, hallowed on earth.

Holy she is in her appointed Powers,
And functions exercised—holy of life,
And deeds that glorify and crown her faith.

Holy in her high office to prepare
Her People for His Gifts ; communicate
His Sanctity ; and point the path that leads
To heaven, and full fruition of Himself.

Holy in her departed Saints, who owned
His covenants, and clung to them in death ;
And stand before His throne perpetually,
Her witnesses on High !

Thus we profess
The Church a holy Creature ; Daughter of God!
Nor beauty, with these lineaments divine,
Alone is hers, but that great Attribute,

Becoming Type of her august descent,
That Catholicity diffused o'er earth,
An omnipresent Unity, which holds
Her session in all lands, and wears a crown
Bright, not with jewels, but such orient beams
As kindle haloes in the clouds of morn :
O'er Emperors and Peoples dominant ;
Yet tempering of each the stringent Rule,
Or wild unreasoning force, with her calm voice,
Strong with a supernatural aid, and felt
Not less by him who hates, than those who love.

Not her's a power which mortal breath can give,
Or take : her life is not like kings, who die ;
Or captains, whom a factious breath can shake ;
Or favourites, whom Murder may pluck down.
Her days are for eternity ; her form
Impassive in its spirituality
To human weapon ; her observant eye
Piercing as light, her presence as the air ;
And thus for eighteen centuries hath been,
And shall be, till the Prince of Peace return ;
Though heretics affront, and schismatics
Stand impotently armed to bar her way.
No !—by that Throne ineffable—and Him
Who sits thereon !—for He hath sworn—the power
Of Hell against her gates shall not prevail !

For is she not the mystic Bride of Heaven?
Her courts have they not echoed to the voice
Of Apostolic preaching, and the prayers
Of congregated multitudes baptized
To God's good service, and departing, free
From the old taint, to scatter forth the seed
Of faith through Earth's wide borders, till at
length,

All praise to God ! the harvest home draws nigh.

Yea, Christ himself commanded " to go forth
And teach all nations."—Christ himself acquired
" The Heathen for inheritance—all earth
For His possession to its utmost bounds !"
And said He not to His Vicegerents, " Go
Throughout the world—to every creature preach
The gospel—that repentance may be preached,
And the remission of Sins !"

'Twas thus they taught ;
And their successors teach ; all that concerns
The Christian man to know in earth or heaven ;
All necessary tenets, saving truths,
That fix in universal faith their roots,
Spread through all people, and in every age,
Compelling to obedience ; and from all
The souls of men extirpating offence,
And with sweet graces healing.

Meditate

These verities ; for such, be sure, they are :
That Church persistant lives, to which the Lord
Ordained there should be added, day by day.
All such as should be saved. There cannot be
Two ways : “ there is no other name below
The heavens, but Jesus, whereby Man is saved ! ”
So, none survived the Deluge but the Few
Who trusted to the Ark at God’s command :
So, all of Egypt’s First-born perished, all
But those whose sleep the sacrificial blood
Saved, on the doorposts marked : so, none escaped
From Jericho, but those in Rahab’s house.
The Church thus saves us now : beneath her roof
All congregate on earth to meet in heaven.

The Saints shall meet in heaven ! for not through
earth

Alone, the Church hath her communion spread ;
Nor yet to men confined : also the Angels
Participate, the glorious Host of heaven !
They who foretold the Baptist—who announced
Her Offspring to the Virgin—hymned His Star—
Who ministered to Christ in agony—
And waited in His tomb—and stood before
The apostles when He rose to heaven—who freed
From prison bonds, and bade them forth to preach.

These, messengers of God, most surely hold
Communion with His children of the earth.
Nor is her high companionship restrained
To brethren of the later time : her place
Patriarchs and Prophets knew ; and holy men
Partook the resurrection, and arose
Beheld of many ; Saints, as Lazarus,
Who slept in Abraham's bosom, and foresaw
With David the triumphant reign of Christ.

Thus saints in life, and saints improved by
death,

And Angels, elder brethren of mankind,
Participate one glorious fellowship ;
Whose bond is reverential hope below,
With aspiration ; and above, through prayer,
Infinite love, and pure solicitude !

O whither shall we turn, whose aid suffice
To consummate this blessing—leading on
To that august Jerusalem, where dwell
Those saintly Bands and holy Brotherhood
Who marched beneath the banner of the Cross,
Conquerors of Satan, and his legion hosts—
Whose aid but her's, the consecrated Church ?
The strong, the meek, the holy, and the true ;
Interpreter of wisdom ! Who but she
Holds high the cup, and shares the Bread of life,

The Guardian of the Eucharist? To her
Draw near; her Altar is Mankind's great hearth!

O Fount of living waters! Paradise
Of priceless and most medicinable fruits!
Pure Spouse of Christ! Mother of Christendom!
Are we not issue of thy bosom, nursed
With milk from thy full breast, and shall we not
Joy in thy smiles, and tremble at thy frown?
Yea, as a mother pitiful art thou;
Pardoning oft thy children's wanderings.
For in thy fields are mingled tares with wheat,
And in thy chambers foolish virgins loiter,
Where the wise wait the Bridegroom with full
lamps.

Thy will it is that all may cling to thee,
How weak soever, who confess thy law,
Sincere, through faith in Christ; with God's great
truths,

In manifest communion, conversant.

And Thou dost promise everlasting love
And mercy to the Chosen of the Lord:
Knowledge, and means whereby they may be
saved,

To all Believers. Thine is the Ministry,
The holy Book, the sacramental Gifts,
The right to teach, the duty to stand forth

The great example of the world thou guidest.

O ! if to differ be a fearful thing,
Preserve thy Flock from severance ! let all
Find in the concourse of thy gates the hope
Of heaven, and earthly peace in unity !
For Grace dwells with thee, Mercy waits beside
thee,

Truth beams around, Eternity before thee ;
The Dwelling place art thou of Faith, the Temple
Of Everlasting God—that whoso enters
May live ; and that man die who shall depart.



X.

FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

THE blood of Jesus, shed upon the Cross,
Last Sacrifice for sin, and for Mankind
Atonement; by which act Man to his God
Was reconciled; identifying thus
Himself with our frail nature, glorified,
Even from that hour, by mystic fellowship
With God in heaven; this blood unto the Church
Her animating principle became
And vital current: for within her heart
The hope lies deep, and from her holy lips
Proceeds the doctrine sure, that in our flesh
Christ perfected Atonement for mankind.

To universal Earth, redeemed, restored,
The Church, before the face of God, stands forth,
Sponsorial guide and Representative.
Upon her brow the true baptismal sign
She bears; and her first ministry to man
Is that blest rite which consecrates to Christ,
And seals the warrant of remitted sin.

First of her many offices this rite
In time, as in importance, stands; and pours
The lustral waters, purifying men
From the hereditary stain : nor doubt
The virtue of the act, though feeble hands
Impress the cross, or weak lips invoke
The blessing ; and the water in the font
Bedrawn from wells that slake our common thirst.
Jordan, of old, had no peculiar power
To cleanse, nor yet the Supper of the Lord
Grace in its natural elements : the act
Of consecration, and the will of God,
Each with its supernatural force endued.

Ours is, indeed, a birthright to be prized
Beyond all marvels of past time, when God
In judgments dire revealed Himself to Men.
Now, His first voice is gentle, as the song
Of new made mothers to awakening babes.
He puts all past conclusions from His sight ;
And bids us, like the storied phoenix, rise,
Creatures renewed for immortality.
Thus sings the Gospel only : man, untaught,
Dares hope no reconcilment with his God.
Remission of past sin, grace to subdue
Satanic tempting, and all worldly lures,
The absolution of the Penitent,

And that sublime Hereafter, which, even here,
Dawns on the Faithful; these are Christian truths
Assured, peculiar. Jesus came to save
Sinners, and not alone to pardon sin.

Mankind denied not, but confessed and
mourned,

Throughout all regions and of every creed
Delusive, that ingrained, original guilt
From our first Parent to his latest seed
Descending: and, though void of rational hope,
By primitive tradition knowing God,
And Providential acts experienced, clung
In dim perplexity to lustral rites,
And sacrifice propitiatory, made
With flowers and fruits and firstlings of the flock;
All they held dearest, yea, their infants' blood,
Draughts for avenging Nemesis! Blind Guides
Went staggering through the wilderness, nor
found

A refuge from despair: the natural light
Sufficed not: though the Patriarchs of old
Had intimations of the Grace reserved;
And Prophets told the People, giving hope.
That hope, in after time, men recognized
As the preluding star that heralds day;
Blessing the better light that dissipates

That gloom which shrouds our earthly pilgrimage.

Nor vain their hope who sought with humble
gifts

To avert awakened wrath. The Chosen race
Were taught how through expiatory rites
Those sins, not deadly, might be cleansed on earth :
But who dared hope, what human mind conceive,
Atonement that should justify with God
Man to mysterious woe sin-doomed? 'Twas

Mercy

That sounded first the depths unknown of Sin,
Measured by depth of Love! all wealth of worlds,
Were light as vanity in such a scale.

One sacrifice, alone, there was, so pure

In nature, of such worth ineffable,

Such perfect satisfaction for offence ;

And that was made. The Son of God came down,

And as our Brother-Man, flesh of our flesh,

Shed on the altar His untainted blood ;

A perfect Offering, without spot : He bought

Our souls, descending to our nature ; gave

His life for our redemption ; and arose

To heaven our gracious Minister with God ;

Leading His liberated Captives forth,

With contrite hearts refreshed, their sins forgiven.

All stand redeemed ! may we not, therefore,
hope

To each salvation offered? Signs there are
Of hope, dim intimations, glimmering
Along the page of holy writ, faint lights,
Like those that kindle on a distant hill
Seen 'neath a rainbow's arch through melting
showers.

Man may not limit God's mysterious ways;
His justice by low precedents define;
His providence restrain. Enough—we know
The Chosen in His Church participate
Alone the Spirit of Grace; and trust, in faith,
To live their Saviour's Brethren after death!

Yet 'twere a deadly error to conclude
All Christians safe through baptism: by their acts
Shall men be judged; if evil, they again
Crucify Christ thereby, and share that guilt;
If worthy, these are evidence of faith;
But shine not where the Saviour's light is all.
Those who approach His altar penitent
Shall be absolved, such is God's promise: but
For him who obstinately dwells in sin
Sentence shall stand: the state of Grace hath
passed.

At Death's dread hour the eternal cloud shall close
Of conscience o'er him, and the growing sound
Of Judgment thunder through his frenzied brain!

Not thus, but full of hope and virtuous cheer,
The faithful Christian shall await his hour.
For him the Gospel teems with words of peace :
For him, as the world fades, the gates of heaven
Before his lifted eyes shall be unbarred,
Streaming a path of rays unto his bed ;
Like Jacob's ladder trod by Angel forms :
While Seraph songs, and voices jubilant,
With saintly welcome and divine salute,
Fan the last smile on his expiring lips !
Mercy shall stoop, like slumber to his eyes,
The emanation of Divinity !
Yes—He who dowered us with faculties,
Beauty, and motion, and wise appetites,
Speech, and perception, and industrious powers,
With sweet rewards of labour, food and rest,
All our necessities that lead to joy,
Bounties, that were our portion before sin,
Mercies, that are acquittances from sin :
He who promulgated our sentence, death,
Hath made that death the gate of life, and changed
Our deepest woes to precious donatives.
O Race ! with benefits so high enriched,
Shalt thou not, too, be merciful ? Behold !
Thy Fellow labours in affliction ; soothe him :
He toils in vain through adverse fortune ; aid him :

Hesinks before a slanderous breath; uphold him :
He is thy debtor manifold; absolve him :
Thine ancient enemy he is; forgive him :
So shall thy deeds with God's behests accord,
And vindicate His Providence on earth.

O Race beloved ! the Chosen of the Lord !
Dishonour not the nature ye partake,
Even His, who wore and glorified your flesh,
And sits, your Judge, upon the throne of God :
Judge, not of you alone—Prince, not of earth
But the wide wilderness of worlds that pace
Immortal measures through the courts of Heaven :
All the Seraphic Hosts, Cherubic choirs,
And Angel-ministers that walk the air
Wafting His messages on paths of light.

O Race redeemed ! Honoured Humanity !
Sink not degenerate from your high estate
To crouch the slaves of Sense : madmen who reel
From the hot wine cup to the harlot's lap ;
Ambition's Fools ; the Parasites of Power ;
Hoarders of gold obscene ; scorners of truth ;
Envious maligners ! Hence—ye Brood of Hell !
Who haunt the seething brain and throbbing
heart ;
And watch the pampered couch ; and lurk within
Hovels of want, staining a sacred place—

Back! to your haunts of woe, your gates whereall
Who enter hope no more! our chains are rent!
And Angel-Guardians hover o'er our path!
The patriarchal spirit breathes around us—
The voices of the Prophets sound above us—
The apostolic Teaching lives before us—
The Lessons of the Fathers work within us—
The holy Church triumphant stands beside us—
The arms of Christ are open, and the way
Made glorious as the path of golden beams
Tracking the Sun adown the vesper waves.

And lo! the Cross! and hark! the words of
 grace

That murmur on all winds, and beam on brows
Angelical—Phylacteries of Power!

“Turn from your wickedness and ye shall live!”

“Your sins, that be as scarlet, shall be white

As snow—though crimson, they shall be as wool!”

“For God delights not in the Sinner's death,

But hath desire that all men should be saved!”

“If any sin, he hath, on penitence,

An Advocate!” And, “Blest is he to whom

The Lord imputeth not iniquity!”

“These, justified by faith, have peace with God!”



XI.

THE RESURRECTION.

I HEARD a voice from Heaven, commanding;
“ Write :

Blessed henceforward are the Dead which die
In Christ !”—even so the Spirit saith—“ Because
They from their labours rest : Blessed the Dead !”
We die to rise again (such strength hath faith)
Banished from earth, but not from God exiled.
Praised be His name ! who thus from every eye
Wipesevery tear. Shout we to heaven, “ O Death,
Where is thy sting—O Grave, thy victory !”

O mystery ! O wonder ! dust to dust
Goes down ; Man’s form supreme ; his godlike
head ;

This majesty of beauty, tinted o’er
With varying blushes, eloquent as speech ;
These bones, the stately pillars of our strength ;
Muscles, the springs of our activity ;
Nerves, channels of volition ; veins of life

All moulder into nothingness ;—so seems
The common lot to ill-observant eyes.

But God hath said—and shall not man believe?
“ That those who slumber in the dust of earth
Shall wake :—the sea, the earth, yea hell, yield up
Their Dead—and incorruptible arise
This mortal flesh to immortality !”

Ay, as the corn, our body’s nourisher,
Is sown, dissolves, and germinates again,
Struggling into the light with fruitful ear
And grain identical, even so Man’s frame
Its germ of life retains, and shall be clothed
Celestially, with vital functions pure
Tempered, and still, though spiritualized, the
same.

Then shall we wait upon the Lord, with strength
Renewed, mounting, as eagles, with glad wings;
And swifter than the sightless winds, or track
Of star-beams through the blue serene of night,
Our Beings shall pervade all space, partake
All sympathies, embrace all knowledge, bask
In the pure radiance of Almighty Love!
Will shall be then to us as Power, and Thought
Move like a living principle, transpiercing
The intellectual universe; as streams

Magnetic, shot through all the earth like blood.

O censure not as human vanities
Thoughts such as these, not without warrant held.
The Apocalyptic Vision testifies
Of functional joys ennobled, sights and sounds ;
And faculties employed, distinguishing,
Reflecting, and resolving ; sense of love,
And adoration, prompting praise and prayer.
From that which God hath made perfectible
The Future shall not derogate : this flesh
Which modifies our souls on earth must share
Our final doom, but tempered to intense
Capacity of pain, or exquisite
Relish of joy, enlarged and purified.

Lean not on false philosophy : in vain
Stoic and Epicurean mocked at Paul.
Judging of Nature from her outward shew,
Where nothing is from nothing, they inferred
Annihilation when the crumbling bones
Sank in the dust. To us, the word of God
Is all sufficing proof : they knew it not.
Enough for Man that He, in whom we live,
Knows all our atoms, wrought of His own hand ;
He numbereth the sands ; permitteth not
One sparrow to fall down : Searcher of hearts !

Shall dust escape Him? Man was made of dust!
Senseless as clay beneath the sculptor's hand,
Till God breathed in his nostrils. What hath been
Shall be, when from earth's womb, hopeless and
old,

Omnipotence evokes our second birth.

Mournful our lot, if cast for earth alone!
The birds warbling in woods, the trees that root
In the rich soil, the beasts depasturing
The herbage green, all these have natural life
Transcending ours, undimmed by care or grief.
But life however short sufficeth man.
Enough—we live—eternity ensues!
We reason—'tis the earnest we enjoy
Of larger gifts! Sorrow, the Monitor,
Attends our steps, and Pain, the Chastener:
Death at the last, no spectral Tyrant, comes,
Blest Harbinger of freedom, as of old
God's Messenger to Peter! Life on earth,
Precarious ever, is but brief at best:
But the flesh, only, dies; the soul for aye
Persists, an inextinguishable light,
Again to be united to its mould
For joy or bale. All lower creatures fall
And rise no more; knowing not good from ill:

The Angels, Beings of no mortal birth,
Spirits who know not death, and yet have sinned,
Fell, and no resurrection dawns for them :
But Man, made in the image of his God,
The beautiful, the wonderful, the wise,
With guiding conscience, and free will, endowed,
Assayed on earth to be refined in heaven,
It is his greatest privilege to die !

Methinks all Nature, by analogies
Obvious to every eye, doth teach the law
Of resurrection : so, to earthly watchers,
The sun from the blue waves of ocean rising,
The moon emerging from the forest hills,
The star in its heliacal ascent,
The leaves in spring, spring from its tomb of snow,
Flowers, that have died upon the lap of winter,
Breathing fresh odours on the vernal breeze ;
All start to life again from seeming death ;
Decay the parent of immortal youth.
God who perennially restores to man
This good, will sure restore man to himself.

Away ! all sensuous aids of feeble thought—
Frail arguments of reason ! 'Tis enough
That God reveals His Will—we know His Power !
This should suffice. Hear the prophetic song

Of Job, beloved of God ; who saw the vision,
But in no trance ; who spake in ecstasy,
But not as Dreamers from deep sleep : “ I know
That my Redeemer liveth, and that He
Shall stand at the last day upon the earth ;
And though the worm this body shall destroy
Yet in my flesh shall I behold my God !”
Vainly his sins false friends denounced ; his voice
Called still on his Redeemer, and adjured
The resurrection : his no doubtful hope,
But solemn words of faith infallible !

And spake not royal Daniel, “ Many who sleep
In the dust of earth shall waken, some to life
Eternal, some to everlasting shame !”

These are plain words : now hark to Christ
himself :

“ Touching the resurrection have ye not heard
That which was spoken unto you by God ?
I am the God of Abraham ; the God
Of Isaac ; and the God of Jacob !” “ God
Is not God of the Dead, but of the Living !”

Thenceforth the Sadducee was silent ; knowing
The patriarch blessings, unfulfilled on earth,
In heaven should blossom and the life to come.
They erred, not knowing Scripture, nor the power

Of God. We know the truth ; our fathers saw
The spirit to their Dead restored—the child
Of Jairus—and the widow's son of Nain ;
And Lazarus, four days in darkness held.
High pledges these of life to come ! But chief
The resurrection of the Lord compels
Faith that with Him all Flesh shall rise to heaven !

Nor dwells He there Lord of the Dead—and
Judge

Of senseless Dust—but Myriads His dominion
Worship, and round His chariot shout Hosannas :
For, like a warrior King, avenging thunders
Rolling beneath His footsteps, He shall trample
On the Satanic Host, and launch His bolts
Till Death, the latest foe, shall be destroyed.
Then shall He sit upon the throne of glory,
And gathered nations kneel around His throne !

Hark to that shout—precursor of His coming !
Seraphic harpings, archangelic trumpets,
And choral cry of Saints, and all the Powers
Of heaven, proclaiming—“ Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord of Sabaoth ! Heaven and Earth are full
Of the majesty of Thy Glory ! all the Earth
Doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting ;
Thine honourable, true, and only Son ;

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter !
Thou who hast overcome the sting of death ;
Thou who dost open heaven to all believers ;
Thou who dost sit at the right hand of God ;
Help Thou Thy servants, whom Thou hast re-
deemed,
With Thy most precious blood ! O number them
In Glory everlasting with Thy Saints !
Lord, save Thy people, bless thine heritage !” *

* The “ Te Deum.”



XII.

LIFE EVERLASTING.

“**T**HEREAFTER I beheld, and lo, in heaven,
Clothed with white robes, and palm boughs
in their hands,
A multitude too great for man to number,
Of every nation, kindred, people, tongues,
Stood up before the throne, before the Lamb ;
Crying aloud, Salvation to our God,
Which sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb !
Then all the Angels stood about the Throne,
The Elders, and the four miraculous Beasts,
And fell upon their faces, worshipping ;
Saying, Amen ! Blessing and infinite glory
Wisdom, thanksgiving, honour, power, and might,
Be everlastingly to God !—Amen !”*

Time hath its night for all things ; sunset hours
Close heavily on empires as o'er Man.
His mortal throe surceased, Man lives again ;

* Revelations, Chap. vii. .

But Nations fall annihilate : for them,
With destiny accomplished, Hope expires.

Communities are as the Giant-brood
Fabled by poets old ; dread archetypes
Of those fierce aggregates of human strength
Who triumph in oppression, and set up
Laws, at their wild wills varying, which for them
Stand in the place of conscience, till corruption
Eat like a canker to their heart of hearts,
And national death concludes the people's guilt.

The Devastators perish : curses, only,
Come frothing on the surges of old Time,
And break in ominous thunder on our shores.
The Persian tyrant and the Helot slave
Mingle their harmless ashes ; priestly spell
Saved not the Pharoahs ; nor unbridled will
The Demos of the Athenian Portico.
The Assyrian, and the Mede, the Wolf of Rome,
The Macedonian madman, and the Hun,
All sowed the whirlwind and have reaped the
storm.

In vain Earth pleads for mercy, and the stern
Historian graves his record : through our veins
Still the old poison rolls ; and Lust of power
Leads on, with Death's pale courser in the van.

One Brotherhood, alone, survives ; not born

Of fleshly will, nor knit by mortal ties,
No national bond confining. The wide earth
Is as a tabernacle to the Church ;
And heaven her home. From her Ambition draws
No precedents : She inculcates the law
Of God ; obedience and humility.
Her armoury is Grace, her buckler Faith,
Her helm Salvation, and the Spirit her sword :
Her victories are over worldly snares ;
Her voice proclaims a kingdom not of earth ;
The King she magnifies is King of Kings !

Led by her counsel to that lore of life
By heedful lips expounded, Christians know
The ways of Christ ; pray with His prayer ; con-
fess

His name ; are blest with His beatitudes ;
Receive His Spirit ; do His Father's will.
Steadfast by faith, with Charity enriched,
Hope leads their steps, an Angel-guide to heaven ;
Weaning from low affections, solacing
Disastrous days. Eternity in Time
They find, and Heaven on Earth : Death falls on
them

Gently as twilight sinks on wearied eyes
Of traveller belated ; who, afar,
Descries his home of rest, with outstretched arms

Of unforgotten Loved-ones at the gate.

Hard was the task to part with those who went
Before, and will be, when we leave our Loved.

But O ! what rapture to regain the Lost !

What joy to welcome those we left behind !

What holy gladness in the consciousness

Of God's approval ; trials past ; high crowns

Apportioned ; sense of faculties enlarged ;

Capacities unknown developed ; powers,

Like mythic Pallas without visible birth,

Sprung to existence ; and the mind lit up

With knowledge, as a sun-burst on the sea !

Even senses there may be we know not of

More than the Blind of colours, Deaf of sound :

Senses, whose fine edge contact with this flesh

Makes blunt ; or without object here below.

Fashioned like Christ Himself, heirs of His
glory,

We, too, shall stand before the throne with Spirits

Of just men perfected, and holy angels,

Martyrs, and Confessors ! Hunger no more

Assailing us, nor sorrow, nor disease,

Nor the perplexities of care, nor fear

Of death. The Veil that shrouds Omnipotence

Withdrawn, not darkly then, as through a glass,

Shall we behold our God ; but face to face

Look up with reverential love, with songs
Of sweet thanksgiving, adoration pure,
Awe-tempered joy, hope sparkling from our eyes,
And Hallelujahs through our lips outpoured.

Diviner ecstasies than human thought
Can compass, or poetic vision paint,
Have been upon this earth. They who beheld,
Not by the visual ray, but inward light
Intuitive, have spoken : they have told
Who felt : and dying Martyrs cried aloud,
While the unfolding heaven above their head
Disclosed the Beatific Vision ! Vain
Are words, even such as leaped from Dante's lip,
These holy themes descanting : colour fades
In the celestial brightness : sound expires
Amid the choral surge antiphonal
Of Cherubim : too glorious for the ken
Of mortal brain that concourse of blest Spirits
Who circle, multitudinous as stars,
Ring within ring, the inmost throne of God,
Gazing with rapturous ardour ; hearing, feeling,
As breath of flowers pervading vernal air,
The inexpressive voicings from that Throne
Thrill through their subtile Beings.

Ah ! too gross
The chain which Earth hangs round us : we, at
best,

Fancy the unutterable Glory ; yearning
To realize the phantoms of our dream.
We judge from known analogies : we paint
The bliss of heaven from our emotions here :
That conscious spring of inarticulate joy
Which overflows the eyes with quiet tears,
When the heart flutters and the breath comes
quick,

And sighs through parted lips are eloquent.
Such the absorbing sympathy that binds
The mother to her infant : such the chain
Electric that suffices without speech
To wrap in purity two loving hearts :
Such the attuning concord that awakes
The unison of friendship ; and gives life
To the deep Charities, reciprocal,
That link Beneficence to Poverty.

Yet gleams of glory, tremulously bright,
And intermitting, as the midnight dawn
Of Boreal Aurora, oft descend
On the authentic Church ; then most, what time
The congregated people meet beneath
The vault of some Cathedral sanctuary,
Kneeling along the venerable choir,
Or round the glowing altar bowed ; the flood
Of rainbow lights from the eastern window bathing

The roofs and chequered pavement. Eminent
Upon the highest altar step stands forth
The mitred Minister of God ; around,
In order due, the consecrated Priests ;
Below, with bended knees and upraised brow,
The contrite people gather : a low voice
Intones with awe the comfortable words ;
While Angels scatter blessings ; and men's lips
Chaunt the Cherubic anthem. Hark ! the peal
Of the voluminous organ through the aisles
Grows like a swelling tide : the air around,
Suffused with melody, perfumed with prayer,
An acceptable incense, floats to heaven !

Here rest my Song ! The wearied wings of
thought
Droop—the voice falters ; and my eyes grow dim.
Yet would I raise, once more, a prayer for those,
Beloved, who still dwell round me, or have gone
Before ; and for my own weak nature.

Bend

Thine ear, O Christ ! Lord, open Thou our lips !
That worthily our mouth may speak Thy praise.
O Lamb of God ! Thou who dost take away
The sins of the whole world grant us Thy peace !
Hear us, O Christ ! have mercy on us, Lord !

Teach us to turn from the vain gauds of life ;
Contemn the world, and all at this side heaven !
Set our affections upon things above :
For where our treasure is, will be our hearts :
So shall we sin no more ; so gain, for ever,
The vision of Thy Glory ; best of joys !
Fruition of our God ! This—This, is Life !

“ Lord ! Let Thy servant now depart in peace,
According to Thy blessed word : for now
Upon mine eyes hath Thy salvation dawned,
Which Thou before all people hast prepared ;
To be a guiding light unto the Gentiles—
The glory of Thy People, Israel !”
“ And now to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be glory everlastingly ; as ever
Hath been, is now, and through all times shall be !”
Amen !



DEVOUT EXERCISES.

• • • • •





I.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

AS Job, surmounting all his pangs and sor-
rows,

Bent his worn eyes on God, and God alone,
His Nature, and Perfections ; doing no wrong
In his desire to reason with the Lord :
So we, on whom a steadier beam hath shone,
May search, with eyes as earnest, hearts as pure,
The verities and attributes which shroud
His presence : “ dim but with excess of light.”

Yet must we not confound His Attributes
With human functions : what to us seem many
In Him are One Perfection : punishment
We call His Justice ; and His pardons, Mercy.
The earthly nature modifies : our substance,
According to its texture or its place,
Varies its colours ; but the Light is One.

’Tis hard for Man, with powers diverse, and
thought

Defined as finite, to contemplate God,
 A perfect, because uncompounded, Whole :
 And, therefore, forced in earthly scales to weigh,
 And give to separate feelings separate names,
 From sensible effects perceived we draw
 Imaginative lineaments ; and trace
 The real act to some subjective cause.

How, then, as men, shall we conceive of God ?
 The Infinite—uncircumscribed by form :
 Unlimited—as indivisible :
 Dispassionate—as imperturbable :
 Unchangeable—“ Whose Counsels stand for
 ever ;”

“ In whom no shadow of turning hath been seen :”
 Eternal—because increate : Immortal
 As independent of all outward force :
 “ The First—The Last—beside Whom is no
 God !”

Present in every place, and through all time :
 A Centre, every where without a bound :
 In full Perfection, without discord, One !

The Living God is He !—but not as life
 Is known to man ; finite and functional :
 With need of food, capacity of growth,
 Emotions passionate, and instincts blind ;
 But He, the Giver of our breath and life,

“ Steadfast for ever, everlasting King,”
Him Prophets and Apostles truly hymned
“ The Living God !”

His, too, perpetual Joy,
Contemplating the subject joys of men ;
That infinite Good in all created things,
Fed by His gaze that rests thereon. His Being
Is in itself one vast Intelligence,
Evolving 'neath its ever brooding wings
Knowledge, entire as His own Essence, perfect
In adaptation to all ends ; nor those
Alone of actual but contingent things :
A Vision, piercing to the ends of Earth—
“ That seeth under the whole heaven”—“ that
reads
The heart, the secret heart ;” “ from whom no
darkness,
Nor shadow of death, can hide iniquity.”

So vast His Knowledge ! nor less wonderful
His Wisdom shews : Design unerring there ;
And Operation without blemish here.
“ God giveth Wisdom ; therefore is He wise !”
So spake the Prophet King : and, bolder yet,
The patient lips of that beloved Old Man,
Who sang, “ how God alone spread forth the
heavens,

And treadeth on the billows of the sea :
He made Arcturus and the Pleiades,
Orion, and the chambers of the South :
He stretched abroad the North in empty Space ;
And hangeth upon nothing the great Earth :
He bindeth up the waters in the cloud :
He setteth bounds to ocean : by His Spirit
The Heavens are garnished : and at His reproof
The pillars of the sky tremble. Behold !
These are, in part, His ways : but who may scan
The thunder of His Power ?” Hear how Paul
Adjured the Romans, “ O, the depth, the riches,
The wisdom, and the knowledge, of the Lord !
Unsearchable His judgments ; and His ways
Past finding out : for who hath known the mind
Of God ; or who hath been His counsellor ?”

Children of men ! Raise high the shout of praise !
Be telling, not His marvellous works alone,
But of those holiest Attributes, whereby
He calls upon us with a voice of love ;
And teaches Man His high Moralities.
For Holiness is all Divine ; the sum
Of purity unstained. He cannot err,
Or look complacently on sin : and hence
His Justice is asserted, and His Judgments
Assured. Lest man should err in ignorance,

"He gave commandments holy, just, and good :"
A great Atoner and a lustral Rite.

The God of Truth hath said—and His behests
Are pure, and bring the certainty of things—
"His Covenant He will not break"—"The Word,
That He hath spoken; That shall judge all men."
"Though we believe not, He abideth Faithful—
Nor can deny Himself!"

Blessed for ever,
Before the Worlds were made, and needing not
A solace in Creation, He evoked,
From Nothing, All, to glorify His Love !
He made us capable of greatness ; gave
Reason, and strength of heart, to counterpoise
Sorrows ordained to try us ; and vouchsafed
Counsel ; and left us Guides, and hopeful Bea-
cons.

"He made the world, and saw that it was good."
"He opened out His hand and satisfied
The want of every Living thing : but most
Were His delights with the Sons of Men." "He
maketh

The sun to rise on the evil as the good."
"His tender mercies are on all His works !"
"For He is slow to anger, and defers."
Knowing our frailty, that we are but Dust,

His Pity seeks us, and provides a cure.

How blest is he, who sharing with his kind
Like faculties and sense, trains them aright;
Directing his intelligence to search
The ways of God made manifest! A light
Is held above the path: shall he not follow?
God to His presence calls us; bids to love Him;
And use the means He has prescribed to reach
Him and the glorious Heaven He hath prepared.
He calls—shall we pass by unheeding? Smiles
When we look up—shall we then turn aside?
He opens His Parental arms—shall we
Fly, froward, from His Breast? He thunders forth
His judgments on Impenitence—O turn,
Ere yet too late, to His forgiving Throne!
And clasp His knees—and cry—“ Be merciful!
O God! be merciful to me a Sinner!”



II.

THE PURSUIT OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

MEN walk astray in ignorance ; or grow
Corrupt through some false principle, im-
bibed

From evil teachers, or unsteady thought.
So, when temptation comes, they fall away ;
Their feet not standing on the Rock eterne ;
That fundamental truth, whereon is built
Religion : frail in the uninstructed heart.

And such men oft seem pious, for a time ;
Nay, are so : some, cold-hearted Disputants,
Who bind the Word in textual fetters down,
Freezing the vital waters : some who quench
The Spirit, and with Sadducean nerve
Cling to the letter : Visionaries some,
Like the old Essenian, or, in later days,
The hundred-handed Giant of Dissent.

In time of trial put no trust in these.

The mysteries divine of Love and Goodness
Are dim to Reason's microscopic eye :
God's wisdom measureless by Sophist rules.

Must then all die through ignorance? Alas !
We know not : but, as knowledge leads to Faith,
And Faith is safety, shall we not kneel and learn?
Hear holy lessons from the Father-Saints ;
Submit our thoughts to heavenly influences ;
And hold Religion, virginally pure
As Mary's bosom 'neath the Saviour's cheek ?



III.

SCRIPTURAL STUDIES.

IF all must doubt, who cannot understand,
If those reject who find a mystery,
Their error is most fatal. True, the Word
Is oft obscure; the wisdom recondite,
Nay hidden from unworthy eyes; but ever
To humble search, using with gratitude
All aids vouchsafed, the essential truth lies bare.

Doctrine is not less sure because abstruse:
That Knowledge most we prize secured with
pains:
The labour is of love, and love rewards
The effort; and we venerate the more
Truths, found like stars in the deep fields of night,
Unseen, till with their mighty glass wise men,
By Newton led, went sounding the abysm.

'Tis not for vain Philosophy to lift
That veil which shrouds the Tabernacle: they,
The single-hearted, only, may receive

The Spirit of instruction. In thick darkness
The proud man gropes : for hath not Christ declared,
“ That Thou hast hidden these things from the
Wise,
Revealing them to babes ? ”

Reason in man

Is an innate endowment, for good ends,
With reverential aim ; and these attained
The soul shall triumph, glorifying God.
But most the search of verities divine
Becomes us : difficulty stimulates
The task ; else languid, technical, and dull ;
Nice questions are resolved ; proof grows on
search ;
And faith is strengthened as we comprehend.
Thus to the Scripture should our steps be turned :
Not there to loiter, as in gardens trim,
With ripened fruits, and blooming flowers,
adorned,
And broad plain walks ; but as a natural field
Wherein the seed and fertile Power lies hid,
And Beauty sleeps, yet inconspicuous ;
Till our own industry shall stir the soil,
And gracious dews from heaven mature the fruit.



IV.

THE CONTINUITY OF THE VISIBLE CHURCH.

GOD, whose Almighty Power is manifest,
As making everything there is from nought;
Who in their adaptation, and their ends,
Doth shew the rich abundance of His goodness,
Outpouring like a fountain without stint;
Hath so assorted all things, that they stand
In orderly subjection tripartite.

For some there are to which He hath adjudged
Being; which apprehend it not: to others
He gave to feel and sensibly discern;
Wants, appetites, and their adapted powers:
And lastly, eminent in rank and kind,
A Race made after His own image; apt
For knowledge, with commensurate desires;
The comprehensive faculty, free will,
Restraining conscience, natural piety.

These to Himself He drew: for these He made

This World, a temple meet to worship in :
Ordaining them to be His holy Church,
Wherein His praises might be sung for ever !

When, in the time of old, Man's guilt and doom
Were in the penal flood accomplished, God
Willed that a remnant should be saved, and bade
His Chosen to the Ark ; so to fulfil
His promise, and lead on the better time.
Such as the Ark was then the Church is now ;
Appointed refuge from the wrath of God.
Nor lacks there Bow of peace and promise : ever
Its presence, like a Seraph, goes before us ;
Spirit of light ! spanning this vale of tears.
It bears the sign, the covenant it shrines
Of God, now smiling o'er a world renewed.
Even on the brow of Infancy it beams,
The pledge divine of Grace reserved for Man.

Not now, as in the ancient day, doth God
Manifest His great presence. Once He moved
A cloudy pillar on the wanderer's way,
Sometimes a flaming fire ; (earlier He walked
In the garden beside Adam, softly pacing)
Sometimes He rent the rocks, the mountains clave ;
Or, when He gave the Law on Sinai,
Shook heaven and earth with thunder ; as the
people

Went forth to meet Him, but fled back and cried
To Moses, "Thee we'll hear—speak thou to us—
But let not God talk with us, lest we die!"

So God, who knows Man feeble, heard the
prayer,

And let His awful voice no more be heard;
But sanctified the tongues of chosen men
To feed their kind with wisdom. Priests He raised,
And Prophets to denounce His judgments, smite
Abuses, and reanimate with hope,
Foresheving the Messiah: and He came!
Not to make here perpetual abode;
But, with Himself, to draw His own to heaven!
He came—His work was done: He went—but left
Apostles, to uphold, perpetuate,
Evangelists, to promulgate His Law,
And a commissioned Priesthood, to defend.

Not without order in their Pastoral charge
Were raised those glorious Fathers of the Church,
An hierarchy unbroken to our day;
A regal Race. Thus from the first, and ever,
God's visible city founded was on earth:
Thus unity and concord ere prepared,
Humility enforced, things hid revealed,
Things outward consecrated, strifes composed,
And equity with good advice maintained.

Who feared a wrong ? in piety and faith
 His cause was heard to judgment, with appeal ;
 And all things worked for good, and all men
 trusted ;

Till One, not satisfied with place and honour,
 O'er all his brethren sought imperial power.
 Like Lucifer he triumphed ; fell like him :
 When God, at last, our groanings heard, and woke
 The heroic heart within us ; and led forth
 From spiritual Captivity ; with Prophets,
 And messengers angelical before us ;
 Our path irradiate with martyr fires,
 Cheered by the inspiration of high song,
 And closed with Christian triumph unalloyed !

Thus, from the birth of Man even to our day,
 The true ecclesiastic frame descends ;
 From Adam, the first father and first priest,
 Who, having walked with God, declared His will
 And ways to all Posterity ; through Noah,
 The Patriarchs and Prophets, Priests, and Kings,
 Fathers, and Saints ; a holy Heritage !
 Which, to pervert, or to misuse, is sin ;
 To cast away, a forfeiture of Heaven !



V.

THE RIGHT USE OF REASON IN
RELIGIOUS INQUIRY.

LIGHT were our faith, and lightly would
assert

The duties and prerogatives of Mind,
Enthroned apart from mere instinctive Life,
If outward shew of miracle, alone,
Without appeal to evidence, and search
Of truth, subjective to analysis,
Were needful to substantiate belief:
And evidence of sense alone conclusive.

Man is not circumscribed, like animals,
By instincts and appropriate appetites.
Then wonders, only, to appal, subdue,
And by mere force restrain, were needful. Him
God hath endowed with Reason : and requires
Account, for providential gifts bestowed.
Marvels indeed the Saviour worked of old ;
But with reserve : and oft times under charge

Of silence, though the thankful heart was full.
No boast of Mercy—blazonry of Power—
Was His—nor artful trick of sorcery.
Such were the wonders by the Magian wrought—
Simon—heresiarch, or infidel,
Opposing God : such the Tyanean Seer,
With boastful tongue, and ostentatious rites,
And sentences oracular performed—
Deeds worthy of a heathen Antichrist !



VI.

THE PLATONIC TRIUNITY.

SAY, whence that light which in the antient
days—

Like earliest rays of the up-rising sun
That gleam upon some hoary-headed Alp
'Mid his benighted brothers eminent—
Settled on Plato's brow; and glorified
Older Pythagoras in the Memphian school?
To them the mystic Truth was shadowed forth
Of triune Godhead—self-existing Goodness—
Eternal Mind—the universal Soul—
Mating with man and nature; like the sound
Of choral voices linked in harmony
Breathing upon the air melodious song!

Yes, though they knew not all, echoes of truth,
But faintly heard, came to them from afar:
Not from the northern Rhodopean, whence
The shout of heathen sacrifices sprang;
But from the sacred East—the cedarn slope

Of Lebanon, and Pisgah's hallowed height.
They were but men, humanly taught, and there-
fore

Erred in their teaching ; for they could not give
Being to cold Abstractions, thought and will
To Attributes, to Definitions power.

From these we need no help. The Scriptures prove
(Rightly assigning their due force to words)
Facts vital to our faith and hopes ; conveyed
With our baptismal dowry ; and confirmed
By sacramental pledge in life and death.

They speak, and ask us to believe, a fact ;
Nor labour to expound a mystery.

They teach (and who shall doubt the evidence ?)
That Christ said, " Before Abraham was, I am !"
" My Father and I are One !" and John declares,
" There are Three Witnesses in heaven—and

These,

The Father, and the Word, and Holy Spirit,
These Three are One !"



VII.

PRAYER.

THERE is a living principle in prayer :
For prayers have wings, and make their
way to heaven ;
Swift Messengers, and true, 'twixt God and Man.
No subtile and elaborate argument,
Cautiously wrought within the brain astute,
Before the Searcher of all hearts bear they :
But inward breathings of the conscious spirit,
Rising like odours from some fire-touched gum,
Articulate emotions unprepared.
Nor without high commission do they come
To us returning : but with noble hope,
Angelic comfort, meditation pure :
Glorious assurance that the human heart
Hath holy ties and communing with God !



VIII.

THE JUDGMENTS OF OUR FOREFATHERS WORTHY OF REVERENCE AND TRUST.

THE judgments of old times and ancient men ;
The practice of enlarged communities ;
The records of traditionary faith ;
Of saintly Fathers proved in martyrdom,
And wisdom loving Seers foreknowing time,
Whose gray hair was the ripeness of the mind ;
These are to be revered ; as evidence
Drawn not from argued but experienced things :
Reasoning, that hath its root in holy ground,
And fruitage, like the virtues of old age.
These are to be revered : sure barriers,
Restraining at the precipice's edge.

God in His goodness granted man two powers,
The planning mind, and executing hand.
Let that which hath its vigour but in youth
Subserve what but grows perfecter from age.
So shall the son, following his father's steps,

Keep the right path, and vindicate the way.

The light in thought may lightly disallow
That which the Steadfast love for ancientness,
But living Worth should reverence the Dead ;
And kindly judge what Wisdom having planned,
The Good, in after ages, perfected.
Age claims respect, continuance bespeaks
Worth proved by trial, and secures regard :
But newness, whatsoever it pretend,
Gives no assurance, and deserves no trust.



IX.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

DOUBT and discuss ; examine and believe :
But, if thy judgment falter, turn with trust
Unto the staff our ancient Guides relied on ;
And paths that in the wildernesses bear
The pilgrim's track. If thine own wisdom fail thee,
Put confidence in wisdom tried by Time !



X.

REVELATION.

THE natural reason, which we owe to God,
Proves that God is; and what His attributes.
If there indeed be Atheists, such they are
But through infirmity of mind; or haply
As traitors plotting 'gainst the Power they hate.

Yet are there depths thro' which the rational eye
Strains baffled: mysteries, in that they pertain
To the Infinitudes, which soar above
Finite conceptions; and involve conditions
Beyond the scope of natural sciences;
Extraneous to the obvious, natural law.

Now these, miraculous in essence, we
Are summoned to believe, on evidence
Direct or circumstantial, testified
By Teachers, not inept, as their words vouch;
Not uninstructed, as their doctrine proves;
Not having selfish ends, as poverty,
Toil, slander, tortures, martyrdoms, confirm:

Ay, Witnesses so pure, that to reject them
Were to renounce all institutes of law,
And stain the ermined robe of equity.

Alas ! and are there then such men ? behold !
The purblind Deist plodding on his way ;
A querulous questioner, dog-led like the Blind !
He cries, “ The Deity hath never made
A Revelation of His will to Man ;
And none was ever needful ! ” Pause—thou fool—
And learn why needful, reasonable, true.

God, who in full omnipotence made man,
Ordained the laws that should control his state.
He made men moral agents, with free will ;
Forecasting thought, yet mutable ; desires
Permitted, yet restrained : He gave a Law—
Obedience—which being broken, punishment
Pursued ; and Man no more walked with his God.
Yet did not God desert him : as they fled,
Weeping, from Paradise, He swore to them
A mystery : that from the woman’s seed
A Saviour should arise, the Past forgiven !
This Revelation made, they, in meek trust,
Yet comprehending not, went comforted.

Still Earth waxed sinful ; and God proffered
Guides :
To whom, in dreams, and high-wrought phantasy

And divine visions by lone hills and streams,
His wonders were revealed. Then fearless Seers
Prophesied to bad Kings and ruthless People ;
Thundering dire comminations on their heads :
Or in the ear of mournful exiles breathed
Hope, medicinal as Arabian balm.

Thus Daniel, in the Babylonian courts [King
Told of the things to come ; while the doomed
Shook at his banquet, staring on the wall,
The fiery letters, and the lonely hand !
So rapt Isaiah bade the Saviour hail !
And, in the noblest song that ever rolled
From human lip, Redemption sang, and hymned
The great Ideal of his pregnant soul !

What though the very Chosen were but men,
And fallible, we falter not in trust : [God,
Though Moses, doubting his own strength, not
Required a further miracle ; though Gideon
Shrank, in the diffidence of poverty,
Before the angel, crying, " How should I,
Least in my father's house, save Israel ?"
Enough, that equal to the task they proved ;
Nor needed to be made impeccable.

God chose His Instruments : and who shall dare
Inquire of Him to vindicate His Ways ? [hope

But why, you ask, should Man, with reason,

A Revelation from his God!—That knowledge
Of duty, and the means, might supervene.
Without a Beacon how find out the path?
For unenlightened Reason is perverse,
Unwearied in its sorceries, though helpless
As Elymas when smitten blind by Paul.

Ay, he is blind; yet by strong instinct ruled.
So the poor Savage in Hesperian wilds
Feels want of Gods; and carves his talisman
Of stocks and stones; and, awe-struck, bows be-
fore

His wizard priest's fantastic dance; and hears
Demoniac shrieks upon the storm; and cowers
Beneath slain warriors in the Boreal lights!
Some, with more subtle sophistry, endowed
Abstract Perfections, or malignant Powers,
With form and substance; and their children's
blood

Smoked upon Moloch's altar! Some revered
The Stars, and the great Sun: nay birds and beasts!
"Making the Incorruptible corrupt!"

One medicine, only, for such ills remained;
The Truths, revealed, of God; then prophets sang;
And Moses with commission from Above
Spoke, as an echo, God's articulate words.

And who but these shall speak? Records sub-
lime,

Religiously preserved, long scrutinized,
Shew forth their prophecies fulfilled ; and tell
The prodigies accrediting their acts :
Of Pharaoh, hard of heart, and Egypt's Plagues ;
Of Israel wending through the cloven sea ;
The Wilderness, with sustenance from heaven ;
The Fountain gushing from the smitten rock
Of Horeb ; and the Voice on Sinai !

Not Plato, nor the Stagyrte, nor Tully,
All eloquence, but on whose lips dwelt not
High Inspiration, with sincerity,
Availed to raise their kind. As argument
Men heard their doctrine, not without dispute ;
And pleased, if not instructed, smiled or mused.
Yet these, or the holier men of older time
Whose words were prompted by the Spirit of God,
Must be your choice. Can any hesitate ?
On this side, the Divine, revealed ; on that,
Human excogitation, wild and impure !

No need is now of miracles. In Christ,
The prophesied, the crucified, are summed
All marvels, but these two, the clinging Curse
Pursuing yet that People which denied Him !
The growth and domination of His Faith
Throughout all Lands ! in every tongue adored !



XI.

THE PRAISE OF GOD.

HONOUR, and Glory, and Dominion,
Belong to God! like incense they ascend
Up from Earth's altar to his throne in Heaven!

For Him all sacrifices burn; to Him
All sceptres bend, all diadems bow down:
Empires are evanescent as the dew
That gems the path of morning among flowers.

What Power like His whose lifted hands send
down

The lightnings, and with thunder shake the rocks?
Who good and fair, and worthy of all love,
As He whose charities like manna fall
On every creature? Who so wise as He
To whom all depths of knowledge lie as clear
As the calm crystal of the tropic sea?
For whom Time hath no mist, Nature no veil,
Depth no obscurity, no dimness height!
Who fashions for the spirit in the brain
Engines of eloquence, treasures of thought!

Who like the Lord is blessèd ? Human joys
Leap not in ever-gushing plenitude,
Pure in their freshness ; as are His delights,
Lapped in celestial amities. What wealth
Is comparable to the Good He showers
Upon Man's race below, nay shares with man ;
For all is His possession ? Prime of Spring ;
The lustre of the Summer fields and flowers ;
Autumn's fecundity ; and Winter's song
Of triumph, through the universal Church,
For Christ's nativity !

Away, ye Base !—

Who strive for place and supereminence—
Who, but the King of Glory, hath no Peer ?
Yea, who but God beholds no object stretched
Above, beyond, and unattainable ?

Man envies, man revengès ; shakes his glaive,
And plumes his brow, against his fellow man ;
Ravages earth, blasphemes against high heaven :
But God, who knows the heart, and can exact
Vengeance for sin ; and arm His Angel-host
With pestilence ; and bid the tempest blow,
Engulfing navies ; and the earthquake gape,
Subverting cities ; and volcanoes hurl
Fire to the clouds, impending as a scourge
To vindicate the wrath Divine on earth ;

God, in the midst, refrains ; His heart relents,
Even as a Father's ; and He yields His own,
Yea, His own Son, to expiate ; and fling
The odour of His sacred censer round,
To separate the Dying from the Dead !

O seek the Lord with praise ; sing in His Courts
Thanksgiving ! for the Lord is merciful,
And gracious to His people evermore :
His Truth is everlasting ! Praise the Lord !



VANTTIES.

“ Lord, what is Man, that thou art mindful of him ? ”

Psalm viii.

BEGGARS we are ! what heritage on earth
Is ours, but death and birth ;
Pangs and bereavement, pestilence and dearth ?

We beg for all things, by mere want impelled,
From helpless youth to eld ;
Still craving more, where nothing is withheld.

We borrow all things, never to repay ;
Our food and our array,
Fields which we furrow, creatures which we slay :

For He who paints the flower, and plumes the
bird,

Inclined His ear and heard ;
And satisfied our longings by a word.

Nay, when our father Adam's sin began,
And the dread sentence ran
Against the Race of all succeeding Man ;

Then were our sins annulled, our chains were riven.

And an assurance given,

Sealed with His blood who testifies in heaven,

Nor yet is Man content to take his fill

With thanks; but clamours still

To have, of right, what is God's proper will.

He stands on his deserts; as though he wrought

By his own act and thought:

Grasping Redemption as a thing he bought.

Ah, who shall turn that Pharisaic heart,

Vain Sophist as thou art,

If no Atoner lives to take thy part?

And yet—dread thought!—hath the Redeemer
died

For these self-satisfied?

Did Christ bow down to plume a Sinner's pride?

Be sure He toiled on earth, that Holy One,

For Penitents alone,

Armed Reason may not storm His beatific throne!

SONNETS.



SONNETS.

I. RELIGIOUS AND MORAL.

I. PRAYER 1.

AND what is prayer? not with bold grasp to
seize

God's gifts, as suitors clamouring for a share ;
Not cold, set phrases, loud doxologies,

Of Wealth or Wisdom, patronizing prayer ;

Not cant, that hurls with sanctimonious air
Fanatic comminations ; not bent knees,

Bowed necks, joined palms, brows crossed with
pious care ;

(Harmless but feeble ceremonies these !)

Not such is prayer. God's shrine is in our hearts :

From them the prostrate Spirit silently

Proffers its adoration ; meditates

The Gospel word ; for pardon supplicates ;

Fears, yet confides ; from duty not departs ;

Feels faith on earth, hope in eternity !



II.

PRAYER 2.

THEN what is prayer? Peruse that Gospel word :

Mark, learn, examine ; it shall teach thee well.
That Word “ which was with God, and was God,
Lord

Of life, the light of men !” in parable
Familiarly expounded ; oracle
Pronouncing weal or woe ; in precepts heard
With tears by the awakened infidel ;
In those meek orisons, whose pure accord
The human with the divine nature blends
So subt’ly that at once we recognise
Man’s best emotions and the will of God.
With these sure guides, so studied that our ends
Be truth, not argument, our hearts shall rise
To heaven, in rightful worship, understood.



III.

PRAYER 3.

BUT God Himself hath taught us how to pray ;
In that most comprehensive form, by all
The hosts of Christendom revered. Each day,
“ Glory to God in heaven ! ” devotional
The Catholic prayer begins. From earth’s low
ball
The echoing song resounds through the array
Of angel choirs and harps seraphical,
Hymning that reign which shall not pass away !
Obedience, resignation, duly professed
Our sustenance in all things we implore ;
On deeds and thoughts of charity we rest
Our hope of pardon ; nor petition more
Than safeguard from all evil ; and again
With dutiful Hosanna close the sacred strain.



IV.

PRINCIPLE, NOT EXPEDIENCY.

SHALL it be said, O Lord ! shall it be said
That men must be incited on their path
Of trial through this world by hope, or dread,
Of human accident in life or death ?

Why on this world's vain wisdom waste we
breath,

Follies of false philosophy, inbred ?

Why preach the *recompense* that virtue hath—
The *worth* of character—the *glory* shed

On patriotic deeds ? Should we not ever

Make Right our rule, which is immutable ;

Nor fear a fall when strong in Principle ?

Good works are Acts of Faith. Christ does not
sever

The deed from the design, and the endeavour :

But makes the basis of His law God's will !



V.

JERUSALEM.

AND sit'st thou there, O lost Jerusalem !
Bowed down, yet something still of royal
state

Ennobling thee in ruin ? Thee the weight
Of age regards not : thou art, as the gem,
Undimmed by time : yet is the diadem,
And thrones, that made thee like the common
Great,

All perished ; and thy People desolate :
Thy holiness a scoff, thy power a dream !
The arm of the Omnipotent is on
Thy guiltiness ; a living Death art thou ;
An all-enduring miracle : for God
Hath set, in record of His slaughtered Son,
His ineffaceable seal upon thy brow ;
And cursed the land a dying Saviour trod !



VI.

THE CHURCH TOLERANT. 1.

I CANNOT doubt that our dear English Church,
Our wise and gracious mother, hath inferred,
Truly, the meaning of God's holy word,
(Howe'er in dubious text involved) by search
Impartial: not as disputants who perch
On Reason's gauntlet, like the hooded bird
Eager to strike; but frank, while undeterred
By fraud, or sophism. High she lifts her torch
Over the maze perplexed; and points for aye
The path for those who innocently stray,
Mid doubts, perchance, not wholly undesigned.
She rends no franchise of our race away:
But grants, what she first claimed for all man-
kind,
Free conscience: spiritual charter of the mind.



VII.

THE CHURCH TOLERANT. 2.

AY, wisely do we call her mother: she
Who from her liberal breast yields suste-
nance

To nations; a majestic Charity!

No marble symbol cold, on suppliant glance

Deceitful smiling! Strenuous her advance,

Yet calm; while holy ardours, fancy-free,

Direct her measured steps: in every chance

Sedate—as Una 'neath her forest tree

Encompassed by the lions. Why, alas!

Must her perverse and thoughtless children turn

From her example? why must the sultry
breath

Of Bigotry stain Charity's pure glass?

Poison the springs of Art and Science—burn

The brain through life, and sear the heart
in death!



VIII.

INTIMATIONS OF PAST EXISTENCE.

O MORN of life ! fast fleeting moments ! lent
For sinful soul on trial ! Dost thou, indeed,
Bear witness to some foregone act decreed
By righteous Power to tempered punishment ?
O pleasant dreams of childhood ! are ye sent
Preluding knowledge ; light designed to feed
The fruitful germ within its flowery tent ?
Or, rather, hold we not that as the seed
Is of the flower begotten, memory
Still prompts the vision ? Thus the slumbering
child,
On pinions unforgotten wafted free,
Floats o'er the shadowy breadth of waters wild ;
Revels in light, the tissue of the morn ;
And hears the choral swell of harmonies sphere-
born !



IX.

THERE is no remedy for time misspent ;
No healing for the waste of idleness
Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
O hours of indolence and discontent,
Not now to be redeemed ! ye sting not less
Because I know this span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness.
Not to be wiled away in aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves, and serve mankind,
Life, and its choicest faculties were given.
Man should be ever better than he seems :
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,
To walk adorning earth, with hope of heaven.



X.

THE TEACHING OF CHRIST.

JESUS, though One with God, dwelt upon earth
As Man, sharing his functions ; and applied
Speech, common to our kind, so simplified
In majesty severe, plain without dearth,
Yet full, that all might apprehend its worth,
And fearless follow so sincere a guide.
Not His the art rhetorical, nor pride
Of sophistry ; their roots have mortal birth.
For ill accord such pomps and ornament
(Weak oratory's refuge) with His plan
Who, speaking from Authority, and sent
To preach the Word, and give the Law, to man,
Yet stooped to teach with gentleness, and blend
With masterdom His sympathy as Friend.



XI.

SACRED AND PROFANE WRITERS.

LET those who will hang rapturously o'er
The flowing eloquence of Plato's page ;
Repeat, with flashing eye, the sounds that pour
From Homer's verse as with a torrent's rage ;
Let those who list, ask Tully to assuage
Wild hearts with high-wrought periods, and re-
store

The reign of rhetoric ; or maxims sage
Winnow from Seneca's sententious lore.
Not these, but Judah's hallowed bards, to me
Are dear : Isaiah's noble energy ;

The temperate grief of Job ; the artless strain
Of Ruth, and pastoral Amos ; the high songs
Of David ; and the tale of Joseph's wrongs,
Simply pathetic, eloquently plain.



XII.

ORIGIN OF THE SOUL.

IT cannot be that by traduction come
 Our souls, like growth of the corporeal frame :
 This earth is to the flesh a natural home ;
 But Spirit is of Heaven, from whence it came,
 And tends aspiring ; an ethereal flame,
 Sacred, as are the fires of martyrdom !
 All else is mystery. We hear a name ;
 But meet no phantom risen from the tomb.
 What shall we think then ! Ere this world was
 born,
 Were souls, countless as beams of stellar light,
 Called forth ; or as our flesh demands ?—The
 night
 Of childhood, and man's meditative morn,
 Thrill with vague memories ; and blind impulse
 brings
 Shadows perplexed of pre-existing things !



XIII.

OFT have I thought they err, who, having lost
 That love-gift of our youth an infant child,
 Yield the faint heart to those emotions wild
 With which, too oft, strong memory is crost;
 Shrinking with sudden gasp, as if a ghost
 Frowned in their path. Not thus the precepts
 mild

Of Jesus teach; which never yet beguiled
 Man with vain promises. God loves us most
 When chastening us: and He who conquered
 Death

Permits not that we still deem death a curse.
 The font is Man's true tomb; the grave his nurse
 For heaven, and feeder with immortal breath.
 O grieve not for the Dead! none pass from earth
 Too soon: God then fulfils His purpose in our
 birth!



XIV.

CHURCH MUSIC.

BEFORE the Ark, in slow majestic measure,
With upraised brow devotionally calm,
And eyes irradiate with hallowed pleasure,
The Monarch-bard advanced : the lofty psalm
At once from rapturous lip, and harp, and
shalm,
Broke forth ; the sweet sounds lending just ex-
pressure
To the raised spirit. Thus we, too, embalm
Our praise in music ; and disperse the treasure
Of that most pure and holiest Liturgy,
(By saints bequeathed, by martyrs sealed in
fire,)
With choral hymn, low-chaunted litany,
Alternate pealing through the shadowy choir ;
Or anthem, like some mighty Being of sound,
Uncoiling through long aisles and echoing vaults
profound !



XV.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

SWEET-SOUNDING bells, blithe summoners
to prayer!

From midnight till auspicious day return
Your far re-echoing melody, wind-borne
From dome and tower comes bounding on the air;
As if the mighty voice of Earth were there,
The jubilant cry of multitudes, to warn
Creation that a Saviour-Lord this morn
For all had birth! Far off, and every where,
Swells the harmonious tumult; billowy sound,
Wild, yet concordant; beautifully blending
With the sonorous organ of the wind.
O fortunate indeed! if there be found
Hearts dutiful as voices—souls ascending
To heaven, with love sincere, faith uncon-
fined!



XVI.

THE WAYS OF THE WORLD.

UNFEELING World! I mourn your vanished
worth :

For when I look around, where'er I turn,
I can see nought but selfishness on earth ;

Something to hate, to pity, or to scorn.

The Rich are grown too strong, the Poor forlorn ;
The tongue of Malice thrives ; and there's a dearth

Of all the milder traits that should adorn
Or smooth the frailties of our human birth.

O ! I would rather, in some distant nook,
Beneath a sheltering oak, beside a brook,

Far from the varying passions of mankind,
Know nothing of their ways but in a book ;

Be to their follies deaf, their vices blind,
And leave, for ever, all their joys and griefs be-
hind !



XVII.

MISANTHROPY.

FROM earliest time, such is stern nature's will,
The tide of error always hath been strong :
Stream of mysterious tendency ! along
Whose awful gulfs of unknown good and ill
Onward is hurled the human bubble still !
A feeble thinker, ever acting wrong,
Man sinks, at last, beneath a sordid throng
Of cares, griefs, customs, fears inscrutable.
What is he then at last, what shall be ever ?
A creature formed, alas ! to feel and live
For self alone ; reckless how others thrive :
Dupe, knave, a wanton sceptic, rash believer :
Quick to inflict a pang, slow to forgive ;
Vain, envious, false, and charitable never !



XVIII.

THOUGH care may sap the mind, and anguish bend,
And man may wither at the touch of grief,
Still may one faithful remedy befriend
His saddest hour, and bring a sure relief:
And in the book of life, however brief,
He still may find some tear-dipped smiles attend;
Detect some lurking charm in every leaf:
And close it up, with pleasure, at the end.
For as the traveller of a stormy day,
When through the opening clouds the evening ray
Glimmers with dewy lustre in the west,
Hails the bright promise, so the good man's way
Looks fairest at the final hour of rest,
When Life lies down in sleep, to waken with the
Blest !



XIX.

THE PASSION-FLOWER.

ART thou a type of beauty, or of power,
Of sweet enjoyment, or disastrous sin?
For each thy name denoteth, Passion-flower.

O no ! thy pure corolla's depth within
We trace a holier symbol ; yea, a sign
'Twixt God and man : a record of that hour
When the expiatory Act divine
Cancelled the curse that was our mortal dower.
It is the Cross ! never hath Psalmist's tongue
Fitlier of hope to human frailty sung,

Than this mute Teacher in a floret's breast—
A star of guidance the wild woods among ;
A page, with more than lettered lore imprest ;
A beacon to the havens of the Blest !



XX.

VICES OF SOCIETY.

FAR be from me the ballroom's giddy rout ;
The gambler's haunt, where Avarice loves
to rule

Miser and witling, prodigal and fool ;
The pageant race-ground's noisy rabble-shout ;
The jovial crew who push the bowl about ;
The hunter's wild halloo through brake and
pool ;

The self-sufficient pedant of the school ;
Envy's vile pander ; Scandal's hireling scout !
I ask but some small space whereon to think,
And conquer vain desires ; where hope may
blend

The future with time past ; some flower-sweet
To woo the Muse on ; some delicious brink [sod
By living stream, for converse with a friend ;
Some solitude, to commune with my God !



XXI.

THE 24TH OF AUGUST, 1830.

HOW oft, in youth, I loved to muse beneath
The shadow of this antient cloister dim ; *
Watching beyond those arches, dark and grim,
Bright through the gloom, yon river's ample
breadth,
Like Hope on Sorrow smiling ! But Time fleeth.
Now, with vain bitterness my eyelids swim !
These peopled quays, towers, bridge, no more
to him
Give joy, whose Hope lies yonder, veiled in death.
Yet, would I wrestle with these pangs, and look
Steadfast to heaven, with hand upon that book,
Whence not alone, through holy lips, are heard
Precept and law, from sage or saint departed ;
But the deep breath of God's sufficing word ;
Outpouring, sweet as tears, to sooth the weary-
hearted !

* Askeyton Abbey.



XXII.

EASTERDAY, 1834.

A GAIN God's messenger hath visited
My Fold, and from my little flock with-
drawn

A spotless lamb : my Gentle-one is dead !
Her beauty—O how precious in the dawn
Of intellectual expression—gone
To an untimely grave ! and yet, though fled
From earth, though never more in wood or lawn
Her step shall bound before us, God hath shed
Balm, even from the vial of His wrath ;
And we walk cheered, though tearful, down our
path.

O Comforter ! still heavenward points thy hand :
Where my rapt Treasures, clasped in mute em-
braces,
Immortal gleams lighting their upturned faces,
With the Cherubic choir take their appointed
stand !



XXIII.

FROM PETRARCH.

WEEPING for all my long-lost years I go,
And for that lore which to this world
confined
A spirit, whose strong flight, for heaven de-
signed,
No mean example might on man bestow.
Thou who didst mark my wanderings and my woe,
Great King of heaven! unseen, immortal, Mind!
Succour this weary being, frail and blind,
And may thy grace o'er all my failings flow!
Then, though my life through warring tempests
passed,
My death may tranquilly and gently come:
And my calmed soul may flee in peace at last:
While o'er that space which shuts me from
the tomb,
And on my death bed, be thy blessing cast—
From Thee, in trembling hope, O God! I wait
my doom!

M.



XXIV.

THE PRIMEVAL CHURCH.

GOD, in the days of old, with Patriarch
And Prophet, speaking in familiar guise,
Walked ; a most loving Master, watchful, wise ;
A kind Instructor, sedulous to mark,
Prompt to reward, mild in reproof ; nor dark
Of speech, when men besought Him to advise.
So stooped Almighty Love to human ties ;
Making with men a covenanted ark
To dwell in. But what love, all love transcending,
Was that when, in the after-time, He gave
His Son, from majesty and glory bending,
To take our griefs upon Him, and to save
From sin ! bequeathing to His Church the Keys
Of heaven, through faith, and holy charities !



XXV.

THE ELDER MINISTRY.

FRAIL Nature is but dust! Man might not
bear

The glorious presence, and the brow of God,
When on the verge of Sinai He trod,
Giving the Law : and Israel shook with fear
The sound of His immediate voice to hear.

Therefore were Judges given, and Kings allowed,
And warrior forms to awe struck Prophet bowed.
So waxed the Church of God! through gifted
Seer—

Moses, and Aaron, and stern Samuel,—

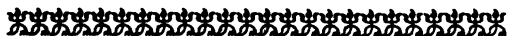
With Divine doctrine, as pure manna, fed :
So waxed the Church! by Joshua, David, led :
So waxed the Church! 'till false Idolatry
Cast forth the Priests of God : and Israel
Fought her last field beneath the Maccabee !



XXVI.

THE DECLINE AND RESTORATION OF THE
CHURCH.

EVEN as a barque upon a troubled sea,
With shattered masts, and bulwarks thunder riven,
Unpiloted before the tempest driven ;
So laboured in her dire extremity
The Church of God. Faction and Tyranny,
Blind Superstition in the face of heaven,
With hierarchal pride, too oft forgiven,
Their fatal influence resistlessly
Combined. At length a Saviour, to restore
The altar, came, the covenant renew—
He gave her faithful Teachers, Doctrine true,
An Apostolic mission to go forth
With faculties and gifts that, more and more,
Shall conquer to the farthest bound of earth.



XXVII.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

CHRIST is our Shepherd ! Christ is King of
Kings !

Christ is our Judge ! the Bishop of our Souls !

The Master of the household, who controls
The world as one great family, and brings
Unto our lips and heart all wholesome things !

Lord of the vineyard, who reanimates

The fruitful tree, but sternly extirpates
The barren ! Ah ! no weak imaginings
With titles such as these doth Christ invest.

Great Truths, in Scripture Majesty exprest,
Are thus propounded : truths that link with
man

The providence of God : that have their birth
In heaven, for the necessities of Earth ;
To work His will, and vindicate His plan.



XXVIII.

THE LATER MINISTRY.

NOT without holy warrant do we call
These reverend Leaders, toiling in our front,
God's Messengers, and Spirits Ministrant;
Yea, Angels of our Churches: Priests through
Paul

Descending; whose high station functional
Needs comprehensive powers, and vigilant
Observance. Such in Israel were wont
To guide the flocks of God: by pastoral
Authority, and stern judicial power,

And Mercy's just prerogative, sustained.
Such Moses was, when Korah in that hour
Perished, before the face of God arraigned:
Such Aaron, mid the Dying, when he made
Atonement, and the pestilence was stayed.



XXIX.

THE EPISCOPAL CHARACTER.

WHOE'ER, through God's permission, and
endowed

With providential graces, and impelled
By the heart's inward voice, clear though not loud,
Holds in his grasp that staff the Apostles held,
Upon his brow the sacred snows of eld
Should manifest experience; yet no cloud
Obscure those eyes, where Passion, long since
quelled,

Hath left his throne to Wisdom. Firm, not proud,
His mien should be; and firm his voice, tho' mild;
His language, as his heart, frank like a child;

His judgment subtle, not perplexed; his spirit
Such as becomes an angel-warrior;

The zeal of ancient days he should inherit;
And Faith dwell with him, an abiding Power!



XXX.

THE ANGLICAN FATHERS. 1.

IN argument compressed, in words concise ;
In illustration apt and liberal ;
Prompt in debate, sagacious to advise ;
 With zeal, nor doubt, nor danger, might appal ;
 Christians devout, and Churchmen filial ;
Profound, impassioned, lofty, learned, wise :
 Such were the men, teachers authentic,al,
The Church required—God granted. Energies
Like theirs were wasted not in honied phrase,
 Or frothy descant, or light metaphor.
They laboured, earnest to instruct, not please ;
 Their words were full of weight, as sterling ore ;
 Their thoughts we ponder—an exhaustless
 store—
Crying—“ God’s blessing surely were with these ! ”



XXXI.

THE ANGLICAN FATHERS. 2.

IN them the spirit of reason was not mute,
Nor uninspired ; such were of little worth ;
Their wisdom seemed some natural attribute ;
Their faith a plant in Spring-tide budding forth :
For as a tree draws vigour from the Earth,
So in the depths of reason spreads the root
Of that strong faith, whose seed had heavenly
birth,
And lifts again to heaven its ripened fruit.
Yet dared not These to mock by argument
Mysteries of grace—self-love they scorned to
win :
But power Divine shewed forth ; and sternly bent
A Pythian bow against prevailing Sin.
In works abounding, as in doctrine pure ;
Long shall their memory live, their crowns endure !



XXXII.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

THEY fought—nor fought in vain : their
 constancy
 Triumphed on Earth, and they enjoy their great
 Reward with God ! So may it be our fate
 With spiritual foes to wrestle : so may we,
 Following their track, strong in their armory,
 The traitor host affront ; and extirpate
 All schism ! Awake ! it is not yet too late—
 The Church shall conquer still—and far and free
 Over the nations her bright oriflamb
 Float, like the glorious clouds of evening hours,
 That herald peaceful mornings. In the name
 Of God, stand forth, ye consecrated Powers !
 The time is come—ignoble foes surround—
 False friends betray—strike ! 'tis on holy ground !



XXXIII.

THE DIVINE LAW.

THE natural Law, howe'er remote, obscure
Of origin, lies patent to the eye
Of Reason : whence astute Philosophy
From shrewd induction points to issues sure :
The laws of men but for a time endure ;
And vary, as their plastic frame we spy
Through shifting glasses of expediency—
The Laws of God, immaculately pure,
Unalterably firm, whose sanctions claim
Affinity with naught of Earth ; these laws
Have their deep root in Faith, in Hope their aim,
In Mystery their birth, in Love their cause ;
League Earth with Heaven ; and, knowing how
to bind
Angels with Power, have care for human kind.



XXXIV.

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

SO frail is the condition of our birth,
Our human course with such disasters fraught,
That solaces are needful of high thought.
Our hearts are hungered, aching thro' the dearth
Of knowledge : harvests gleaned from sensual
Earth

Feed not the soul : etherial fields are sought,
Regions whereto the soaring spirits are caught
Like eaglets from their eyrie darting forth
Into the sunrise. To attain—to know—

Is Man's bold prayer. Alas ! the gates of sense
Unbarred, thro' them shall lore immortal flow ?
Shall intellect reveal, Man's art declare,
Mysteries of Grace—Redemption—Provi-
dence ?

Wisdom and Faith are One ! Be Faith our
prayer.



XXXV.

THE PERVERSION OF LETTERS.

TIME was when books, sent forth without
pretence,
Elaborately wrought with studious zeal,
Were true exponents of the heart. To feel
Strongly came first; then speech, pure from
offence,
Yet vigilantly fearless. Handmaid to Sense,
Wit wrought for Reason; Satire probed to heal;
And Raillery, chafed spirits to anneal.
Thus, genuine instincts to fulfil, and thence
Good ends secure, the purpose was of all.
Men fight for triumph now; transforming words
To stings; and poisoning Wisdom's fount with
gall.
Books have cloaked meanings: a light tale
affords
A mask for sour Polemicks; and the curse
Of Passion desecrates immortal verse!



II. ON CHARACTER AND EVENTS.

I.

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

LOST Princess! to whose beauty as a star
Amid the stormy rack of a dark sky,

Dwelling in deep retired serenity,
The eyes of men looked wishfully from far:
Thou who wert blest, as Princes seldom are,
With household virtues, felt revivingly
Like morning freshness to a world-sick eye,
And love, which Death from heaven may not
debar:

For Thee, and thy fair babe, hopeless we grieve;
That tender pledge, which, dying at the birth,
The dear maternal spirit would not leave.

All that is best of grandeur, all on earth
That virtue can make holy, beauty's pride,
The purity of love, in thee have died!



II.

WATERLOO.

WHY have the Mighty lived—why have they
died ?

Is it ever, thus, with idle wreck to strew
Fields such as thine, remorseless Waterloo ?
Hopeless the lesson ! Vainly hath ever cried
Stern Fate to man—" So perish human pride !"

Still must the Many combat for the Few :

Still must the noblest blood fair earth bedew :
Tyrants, slaves, freemen, mouldering side by side !
On such a day the World was lost, and won,

By Pompey at Pharsalia : such a day

Saw glorious Hannibal a fugitive :

So faded 'neath the Macedonian Sun

Persia's pale star : so empire passed away

From Harold's brow,—but He disdained to
live !



III.

THE RETURN OF WELLINGTON.

THE deed is done—the storm of battle o'er;
And now the Victor comes, amid the cries
Of gratulation, to his native shore.

Thronging the hills, rank upon rank, they rise
A theatre of men ! while to the skies

For aye the stunning shouts of “ Victory ! ” soar ;

And women with their fond, admiring, eyes
Cling round his path, and scatter flowers before.

Thus a great People feel : though inly torn
By griefs, in privacy less proudly borne.

What though the widow's heart be bleeding still,
Though sire, and orphan, still in darkness mourn ;

The patriot mind survives all human ill,
And feels in times like these heroic pulses thrill !



IV.

THE ITALIAN PEOPLE. FROM CHIABRERA.

WHEN Italy's proud heart imposed the yoke
On the barbaric crew ; and in the throng
Of her pale slaves led captive kings along,
Triumphantly, to the old Tarpeian rock ;
Not then her warriors girt them for the shock
Of arms to cadence of Idalian song ;
But with a martial zeal ; while deep and strong
O'er their fierce souls the tide of vengeance broke.
Lo ! through the whirlwind, 'neath the lightning's
glance,
Their thirsty spears, their iron limbs advance,
Making earth terrible ! We, day by day,
To dalliance, and sweet sound, and idle dance,
Contented give our dastard souls away ;
Prize of triumphant Force, each robber-despot's
prey !



V.

THE FATE OF NORWAY.

WHERE was the mountain-spirit that of old
Trode the steep paths of liberty with Tell?
The mighty Genius of that sacred mould,
By song and freedom hallowed, round the well
Of Castaly, and famous Tempe's dell?
Where was the Latian soul, that downward rolled
Thrones in the dust? O where, when Norway
fell,
Spurned by the Free, by Despots bought and sold?
O! Nations are the merchandise in which
Kings love to traffic, and their slaves grow rich;
And human blood, and earthly happiness,
The awful price. In vain doth Wisdom preach!
Men see these things, and feel them: yet not
less
Like dogs, their chains, the more they gall, ca-
ress.



VI.

SOUTH AMERICAN LIBERTY.

SURELY thy heart hath British blood—and
graced

Are thy freed limbs with grandeur of that mould ;
Thy lion port as proud ; thy voice as bold
In generous defiance ! Now, at last,
Thy wrongs are numbered, and the die is cast
For death—for death—or victory ! Thou dost
hold

Communion with the undying Great of old,
Tyrannicides Earth worshipped as they passed.
But hark—the strife augments ! O Liberty !

We hear thy groans, we feel the earthquake
shocks

Of thy great agony ! all Nature rocks !
Thou droop'st—thy glorious front grows pale—
while we—

Cursed be the slavish hand, the traitorous frown,
That chills, and would for ever chain you down !



VII.

GLORY. FROM GIULIO BUSSI.

GLORY, what art thou? Thee, despite of pain,
And want, and toil, the brave heart cher-
isheth :

Thee the pale student courts, wasting, in vain,
His primal youth, thy worshipper in death.

Glory, what art thou? Thy impartial breath
Speaks woe to all : with pangs do men obtain
An empty boon, that duly perisheth,

Whose very fear of loss outweighs the gain.

Glory, what art thou then? A fond deceit,
Child of long suffering, empty air, a sweet

Prize that is sought with toil, but never found :
In life, by every envious lip denied ;

In death, to ears that hear not a sweet sound :
Glory—thou fatal scourge of human pride !



VIII.

THE TRIAL OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

QUEEN, or no Queen, I care not ! we stand out
For justice, and the good old English laws ;
For these our hearts throb in the meanest cause
Warmly as though the noblest were in doubt.
We will not deem her guilty, though the Rout
Of fawning courtiers brand her such ; nor pause
In judgment, though vile Faction overawes,
And frets us with her hireling rabble-shout.
If she be guiltless, stern should be their doom
Who have degraded thus the royal name ;
And with unmanly violence presume
To soil the sanctity of female fame :
If she be guilty, let her die ! and be,
As in her crime and rank, unmatched in infamy !



IX.

TO THE SPANISH PEOPLE, 1823.

ALL men are filled with sorrow, dark dismay
Clings round the heart of nations : deep is
the stake

For which in heedless apathy ye play,
Like maniacs, or as men but half awake !
These are dread times ; when in their strength
men break

High contracts, making sacred laws their prey :
When kings unsheath the sword for conquest's
sake ;

And tear the birthright of mankind away !
But have ye not among ye freeborn hearts,
That in the deepest core high feelings cherish ;
Firm against force, scornful of meaner arts ?

Have ye not hands to fence your rights, or
perish ?

Spirits of freedom ! lift your martyred eyes !
Soul of the Cid, awake ! Padilla, hear—arise !



X.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

SOME laws there are too sacred for the hand
Of man to approach ; recorded in the blood
Of patriots ; before which, as the Rood
Of Faith, devotional we take our stand.
Time-hallowed laws ! magnificently planned
When Freedom was the nurse of public good,
And Power paternal : laws that have withstood
All storms—unshaken bulwarks of the land !
Free will, frank speech, an undissembling mind,
Without which Freedom dies and laws are vain,
On such we found our rights, to such we cling :
In these shall Power his surest safeguard find.
Tread them not down in passion, or disdain :
Make Man a reptile, he will turn and sting.



XI.

TO LIBERTY. 1817.

SPIRIT, or Shadow ! Wheresoe'er thou art—
Whose pitying countenance has watched for
ages,
With most indulgent tenderness of heart,
Our growing foibles, through their thousand
stages ;
Now, when wild Want assails, and Faction
rages,
And the unbridled Vices round us start,
When Power with Right a social conflict wages,
And the worn patriot half resigns his part :
O ! in this agony of life and fame,
Turn not aside ; veil not thy glorious face ;
Slight not our weakness now, O Liberty !
But, terrible in action as in name,
Bend on thy foes that brow of awful grace :
Look, and they wither ; speak, and they shall
die !



XII.

THE TRUE BASIS OF POWER.

POWER'S footstool is Opinion, and his throne
The human heart : thus only Kings maintain
Prerogatives God-sanctioned. The coarse chain
Tyrants would bind around us may be blown
Aside, like foam, that with a breath is gone :
For there's a tide within the popular vein
That despots in their pride may not restrain ;
Sworn with a vigour that is all its own.
Ye who would steer along these doubtful seas,
Lifting your proud sails to high heaven, beware !
Rocks throng the waves, and tempests load the
breeze.

Go, search the shores of History—mark there
The Oppressor's lot, the Tyrant's destinies.
Behold the Wreck of Ages ; and despair !



XIII.

DEPENDENCY IN BAD TIMES. 1817.

O THAT the Spirit of my thought could spring
As with an eagle's pinion, to that height
Where, in the golden palaces of light,
Yon Type of freedom dwells, throned like a king !
So might I catch upon expanded wing,
And the replenished fountains of the sight,
Gleams fresh from heaven ; and stoop my earth-
ward flight
The thunderbolts of vengeance scattering.
But, as it is, sorrow, and shame, supprest,
Bow down my heart ; and Fancy droops forlorn,
(Like young birds by rude tempests overborne,
Or flowers in autumn winds fading full fast)
So I, amid this deepening gloom, unblest,
Sit in my Country's shade, and silent mourn !



XIV.

COLUMBUS. 1.

THE crimson sun was sinking down to rest,
Pavilioned on the cloudy verge of heaven ;
And Ocean, on her gently heaving breast,
Caught, and flashed back, the varying tints of
even ;

When, on a fragment from the tall cliff riven,
With folded arms, and doubtful thoughts opprest,

Columbus sat ; till sudden hope was given :

A ray of gladness shooting from the West.

O what a glorious vision for mankind

Then dawned above the twilight of his mind ;

Thoughts shadowy still, but indistinctly grand !

There stood his Genius, face to face ; and signed

(So legends tell) far seaward with her hand :

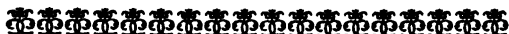
Till a new World sprang up, and bloomed beneath
her wand !



XV.

COLUMBUS. 2.

HE was a man whom danger could not daunt,
Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue ;
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,
And steeled the path of honour to pursue :
So, when by all deserted, still he knew
How best to sooth the heartsick, or confront
Sedition ; schooled with equal eye to view
The frowns of grief, and the base pangs of want.
But when he saw that promised land arise
In all its rare and bright varieties,
Lovelier than fondest Fancy ever trod ;
Then softening nature melted in his eyes ;
He knew his fame was full, and blessed his God :
And fell upon his face, and kissed the virgin sod !



XVI.

COLUMBUS. 3.

BEAUTIFUL realm beyond the western main,
That hymns thee ever with resounding wave !
Thine is the glorious sun's peculiar reign !

Fruits, flowers, and gems, in rich mosaic pave
Thy paths : like giant altars o'er the plain

Thy mountains blaze, loud thundering, mid
the rave

Of mighty streams, that shoreward rush amain,
Like Polypheme from his Etnean cave.

Joy, joy, for Spain ! a seaman's hand confers
These glorious gifts, and half the world is hers !

But where is He ? that light, whose radiance
glows

The load-star of succeeding mariners !

Behold him ! crushed beneath o'ermastering
woes—

Hopeless, heart-broken, chained, abandoned to
his foes !



XVII.

THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

A MID the torch-lit gloom of Auchen's aisle
Stood Otho, Germany's imperial Lord;
Regarding, with a melancholy smile,
A simple stone, where, fitly to record
A world of action by a single word,
Was graven "CARLO-MAGNO." Regal style
Was needed none: that name such thoughts
restored
As sadden, yet make nobler men the while.
They rolled the marble back: with sudden gasp,
A moment o'er the vault the Kaiser bent,
Wherestill a mortal monarch seemed to reign.
Crowned, on his throne, a sceptre in his grasp,
Perfect in each gigantic lineament,
Otho looked face to face on Charlemagne!



XVIII.

DIOCLESIAN AT SALONA.

TAKE back these vain insignia of command,
Crown, truncheon, golden eagle,—baubles
all—

And robe of Tyrian dye, to me a pall :
And be for ever alien to my hand,
Though laurel-wreathed, War's desolating brand.

I would have friends, not courtiers, in my hall ;
Wise books, learned converse, Beauty free from
thrall,

And leisure for good deeds, thoughtfully planned.

Farewell, thou garish World ! thou Italy,
False Widow of departed Liberty !

I scorn thy base caresses. Welcome the roll,
Between us, of mine own bright Adrian sea !

Welcome these wilds, from whose bold heights
my soul

Looks down on your degenerate Capitol !



XIX.

THE OLD LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

THESE are the mighty footprints that report
The giant form of antique Literature.
Sinews Herculean ; proportion pure ;
Strength, or agility, for strife or sport ;
Dexterity in fence ; grace for the Court.
No meretricious jargon, to allure,
Wrote these of old ; but language to endure,
The stern regards of Time. Ill ye assort
With that undying philosophic spirit,
Which breathes in these worn pages, who deride
Their scant reward of praise. They best inherit
The fame of a great era, when the pride
Of nations was, in all things loyalty,
And trust in God, and magnanimity.



XX.

THE CRADLES OF EMPIRE.

TWO mountain centres are there upon earth,
Where mighty Monarchies have reared their
throne;

And down the conquering rivers followed forth
The imperial instinct to the ocean zone.

Deep in the Orient, Caucasus is one :
Whence sprang the Persian ; where the Mede
had birth ;

Where Asshur's line, and Babel's glory, shone ;
And Cyrus on Belshazzar's godless mirth
Fell like a thunderbolt. Thence Tamurlane

Let loose his fatal horsemen ; and the car
Of Gengis rolled ; and Othman's cimetar
Smote the last Cæsar 'neath Sophia's fane !

Above our Alpine throne a nobler star
Dawned over Greece and Rome ; Alfred and
Charlemagne !



III. DESCRIPTIVE.

I.

CASTLECONNEL.

BROAD, but not deep, along his rock-chafed
bed,

In many a sparkling eddy winds the flood,
Clasped by a margin of green underwood :
A castled crag, with ivy garlanded,
Sheer o'er the torrent frowns : above the mead
De Burgho's towers, crumbling o'er many a
rood,

Stand gauntly out, in airy solitude,
Backed by yon furrowed mountain's tinted head.
Sounds of far people, mingling with the fall
Of waters, and the busy hum of bees,
And larks in air, and throstles in the trees,
Thrill the moist air with murmurs musical :
While cottagesmoke goes drifting on the breeze;
And sunny clouds are floating over all.



II.

KILMALLOCK.

WHAT ruined shapes of feudal pomp are
there,

In the cold moonlight fading silently?
The castle, with its stern, baronial air,
Still frowning, as accustomed to defy;
The Gothic street, where Desmond's chivalry
Dwelt in their pride; the cloistered house of
prayer;

And gate-towers, mouldering where the stream
moans by,
Now, but the owl's lone haunt, and foxes' lair.
Here once the pride of princely Desmond flushed,
His courtiers knelt, his mailed squadrons rushed,
And saintly brethren poured the choral strain;
Here Beauty bowed her head, and smiled and
blushed :—

Ah! of these glories what doth now remain?
The charnel of yon desecrated fane!



III.

ADARE.

AS o'er this antique bridge pensive I lean,
How calmly bright, how venerably grand,
Through clustering trees yon towers and
steeples stand ;
Reporting well what splendour once hath been
Proud denizen of each time-hallowed scene.
Ay, Power and Priestcraft here held high command,
Stern quellers of the heart ! beneath whose
brand
Even instinct fades ; the very soul grows mean.
Yet here, though Time's insensible decay
Steals with the ivy round each turret gray,
And breathes its spirit through the cloistered
gloom,
A charm, unwonted in their earlier day,
Dwells with their green old age ; and still shall
bloom
Undimmed—while we sleep well in the ancestral
tomb.



IV.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

ROYAL and saintly Cashel! I would gaze
Upon the wreck of thy departed powers
Not in the dewy light of matin hours,
Nor the meridian pomp of summer's blaze,
But at the close of dim autumnal days,
When the sun's parting glance, through slant-
ing showers,
Sheds o'er thy rock-throned battlements and
towers
Such awful gleams as brighten o'er Decay's
Prophetic cheek. At such a time, methinks,
There breathes from thy lone courts and voice-
less aisles
A melancholy moral; such as sinks
On the lone traveller's heart, amid the piles
Of vast Persepolis on her mountain stand,
Or Thebes half buried in the desert sand.



V.

THE SHANNON.

RIVER of billows ! to whose mighty heart
The tide-wave rushes of the Atlantic sea ;
River of quiet depths ! by cultured lea,
Romantic woods, or city's crowded mart ;
River of old poetic founts ! which start
From their lone mountain-cradles, wild and
free,
Nursed with the fawns, lulled by the woodlark's
glee,
And cushat's hymeneal song apart ;
River of chieftains ! whose baronial halls,
Like veteran warders, watch each wave-worn
steep,
Portumna's towers, Bunratty's royal walls,
Carrick's stern rock, the Geraldine's gray keep—
River of dark mementoes ! must I close
My lips with Limerick's wrong, with Aughrim's
woes ?



VI.

THE SEA-CLIFFS OF KILKEE.

AWFULLY beautiful art thou, O sea!
Viewed from the vantage of these giant
rocks,

That vast in air lift their primeval blocks,
Skreening the sandy cove of lone Kilkee.
Cautious, with out-stretched arm, and bended
knee,

I scan the dread abyss ; 'till the depth mocks
My straining eyeballs, and the eternal shocks
Of billows, rolling from infinity
Disturb my brain. Hark ! the shrill sea-bird's
scream !

Cloud-like they sweep the long wave's sapphire
gleam,

Ere the poised Ospray stoop in wrath from high.
Here Man, alone, is nought ; Nature supreme :
Where all is simply great that meets the eye—
The precipice, the ocean, and the sky.



VII.

THE HILL OF SAINT PATRICK.

THERE is a moment of intense delight
When, standing on the place of some great
deed,
We mark where human intellect for right
Hath triumphed, as at bloodless Runnymede :
Or where the victim Spartan fell in fight,
Self sacrificed, that Hellas might be freed—
Beside the walls with Raffaello's soul still bright—
Or Chatham's tomb, by Senate-kings decreed.
In such a mood, on this bold height, I stand,
Where first the holy pilgrim, Patrick, trod ;
And as he gazed upon the glorious land,
Like Pisgah's Seer, stirred by the inward God,
With the deep weight of prophecy oppressed,
Stretched forth, and blessed the land :—and it
was blessed !



VIII.

THE TRAVELLER. FROM NATURE.

U NGAINLY Traveller, with divergent toes,
Pricking thy Rosinante through the mud,
Facing the frosty wind with purple nose,
And blear eyes scalded in their rheumy flood,
Thy leathern cheek hath lost all sign of blood ;
Thy wig is blown awry ; and thy old clothes
Do hang about thee like a thing of wood
Set up by the way side, to scare the crows.
Certes, thou art a strange original,
Thus jogging on through rain and mire and all,
As tranquil as if trotting in the sun :
And that old beast, so ragged, gaunt, and tall,
That thus thy spindle shanks are stuck upon ;
Sure both are of a piece—ye are but one !



IX.

ATLANTIC COAST SCENERY, 1. THE CLIFFS, 1.

THESE iron-rifted cliffs, that o'er the deep,
Wave-worn and thunder-scarred, enormous
lower,

Stand like the work of some primeval Power,
Titan or Demiurgos, that would keep
Firm ward for ever o'er the bastioned steep
Of turret crowned Beltard, or mightiest Moher.

Vainly beneath, as though they would devour
The rooted rocks before them, reel and leap
The headlong waves: and as a plumed phalanx,
Crushed in the assault of some strong citadel,
Indomitable still, its shattered ranks

Cheers to the breach again, and yet again,
So from the battling billows bursts the swell
Of a more awful combat than of men!



X.

COAST SCENERY, 2. THE CLIFFS, 2.

THOUGH all is grand, nay somewhat stern,
around,

Yet softer beauties decorate the scene.

No floral garniture of meadow ground,

Nor perspective of pastures evergreen ;

No shadowy pomp of woods, no silver sheen

Of waterfalls, with music in their sound,

Nor mountains, fading in the blue serene,

Nor perfume of the gardens, here are found.

Yet here hath Nature lavished hues, and scent,

And melody ; born handmaids of the ocean :

Metallic veins, with moss and rock-flowers blent,

Brighten the laminated crag ; the motion

Of waves, the breezes fragrant from the sea,

And cry of birds, combine one glorious symphony !

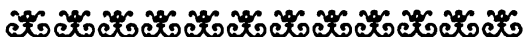


XI.

COAST SCENERY, 3. THE HAG'S-HEAD CAPE.

THE last and loftiest cape, whose wasted
front

Looks down the Atlantic waters evermore,
Far out above the main sustains a gaunt
Colossal head (so seems it) bending o'er,
With stony gaze perpetual, the wild shore.
There fixed for ages, where her wiles were wont
To lure and to betray, a mightier Power
Charmed into stone the Siren at her haunt,
A monumental beacon. Such the tale
Our simple hinds rely on ; to its place
Accordant. In that hoary mass we trace
Features, like death in frost compressed and pale :
And awful as the sculptures in the vale
Of Nile ; the Memphian Sphinx, and Osymandias.



XII.

COAST SCENERY, 4. THE PUFFING CAVE.

WHAT sport of the elements is here ; tran-
scending

Art's rare felicities ? These tinted rocks,
Deep channel'd by the billow's ceaseless shocks,
Swallow, through one dim chasm, abruptly bend-
ing,

The rush of the flowing tide ; which roaring,
rending,

Bounds, blue as heaven, and flaked with snowy
spume,

Inwardly boiling, to yon arch of gloom,
Low browed, above the raging gulf impending.
And lo !—how beautiful !—the hollow sounding
Weight of white waters, from the cave rebounding,
Flies, shattered into mist, slant on the air :
While, graceful o'er the hovering spray embowed,
Iris, bright Spirit of the Sun ! is there ;
Kindling a transient glory in the cloud.



XIII.

COAST SCENERY, 5. THE CAVE OF PURGATORY.

OH ! words are idle, superstition vain
To stamp a sterner character upon
A place like this. Afar, the cheerful Sun,
O'er the wide offing showering rays like rain,
Transmutes to boiling gold the azure main :
But here—these black and beetling rocks ;
this dun
Cavernous fissure, dark as Acheron,
And ever filled with moanings, as of pain,
Make the heart shrink, and shiver : chilly air
Breathes in our faces like expiring sighs ;
And death damps seem to wander through our
hair :
The obscure gulf grows instinct to our eyes
With Stygian shades ; and ghostly forms arise !
Well fabled they of old the gate of woe yawned
there !



XIV.

COAST SCENERY, 6. SPANISH POINT.

THE waters—O the waters!—Wild and
glooming,
Beneath the stormy pall that shrouds the sky,
On, through the deepening mist more darkly
looming,
Plumed with the pallid foam funereally,
Onward, like death, they come, the rocks en-
tombing !
Nor thunder knell is needful from on high ;
Nor sound of signal gun, momentarily booming
O'er the disastrous deep ; nor seaman's cry !
And yet,—if aught were wanting—manifold
Mementoes haunt these reefs : how that proud
Host
Of Spain and Rome so smitten were of old,
By God's decree, along this fatal coast,
And over all their purple and their gold,
Mitre, and helm, and harp, the avenging waters
rolled !



XV.

COAST SCENERY, 7. MALBAY SANDS.

IT may not be, because this tranquil hour,
Brightening elsewhere to beauty scenes more
grand,
Here lights with milder beam a lowlier strand ;
And that yon sea, like a tired warrior,
For quiet joy had laid aside his power ;
That unattractive, therefore, must expand
This graceful curvature of golden sand,
By the ebbing tide left shining. Vernal bower
Is scarce more fragrant than these weeds marine
Fringing the chrysolite, pellucid, wells,
Wave-worn in the rock, where children stoop
for shells ;
And braiding yon gray reef with tresses green,
Where sunset loiterers love at eve to stand—
Dark groups, with shadows lengthening to the
land.



XVI.

COAST SCENERY, 8. THE SOLITUDES OF
MALBAY.

AND O! ye solitudes of rocks and waters,
And medicinable gales, and sounds Lethæan!
Remote from strife and fratricidal slaughters!

Have I not sighed to hear your mighty Pæan,
Reverberating through the Empyrean!
And yearned to gaze while your white-throated
surges

Leap, and dissolve in air; like shapes Protean,
That sport in the sunset, as the moon emerges
Over the sea-cliff? Have I not felt the longing
Then most intensely, when the storm-steed
rushes

O'er the wild waves tumultuously thronging;
Smiting their wan crests,—scattering as he
crushes;—

To stand on some lone peak, and hear, from under
Its caverned base, the ocean's melancholy thunder?



XVII.

COAST SCENERY, 9. MALBAY, CARICATURED.

MALBAY a solitude? egregious nonsense!
 Of some such thing I dreamed when
 lodged there newly!
 But soon found out 'twas only true in one sense:
 An intellectual desert it is truly.
 There's company—a ship full—so unruly!
 Boarding-school rompers, academic praters,
 Blues, blacklegs, pettifoggers, gabbling dully,
 And squealing, reeling, chambermaids and
 waiters!
 Nor is this all: in every path cajolery
 Whines at our heels; jades, beggars, rogues
 omnivorous;
 The solemn cliffs are reboant with drollery;
 The breathing shores, Bethesda pools pestif-
 erous;
 Our very chambers clogged with steams mephitical
 From fiddlers, dancers, ranters jesuitical!



XVIII.

A SUMMER EVENING AT DROMOLAND.

SUNSET on lake beneath, in heaven above!
Corrival forms of one surpassing glory!
Hued like the opal, or the neck o' the dove—

Lustrous, yet ever changing—transitory
As the swift blushes on the cheek of Love!

Sunset on turret grey and serried wall
And shafted oriel gleaming through yon' grove
Of pigeon-haunted chestnuts musical!
Home of O'Brien! in these placid hours

Such are thy charms : and, hark ! thy terraces
Are resonant, around their stately towers,

And the dim alley 'neath yon ancient trees,
With innocent mirth and tuneful voices ; where
Youths and fair girls partake the perfumed
evening air.



XIX.

RYDAL WITH WORDSWORTH.

WHAT we beheld scarce can I now recall
In one connected picture ; images
Hurrying so swiftly their fresh witcheries
O'er the mind's mirror, that the several
Seems lost, or blended in the mighty All.
Lone lakes ; rills gushing through rock-rooted
trees ;
Peaked mountains, shadowing vales of peace-
fulness ;
Glens, echoing to the flashing waterfall.
Then that sweet twilight isle ! with friends delayed
Beside a ferny bank, 'neath oaks and yews ;
The moon between two mountain peaksembayed ;
Heaven and the waters dyed with sunset hues :
And He, the Poet of the age and land,
Discoursing, as we wandered, hand in hand.



XX.

NIGHTFALL.

THE sun is set, the clouds are on the hill,
In leaden hue the streamlets are arrayed ;
And now the damp and gloomy shadows fill
The depths of every valley, and distil
Unwholesome vapours through each leafy glade :
O'er the wide scene a sombre gray is laid :
The distant town and spire lie dim and still ;
And a cold night wind gathers in the shade.
Feebler and feebler now all sounds subside ;
All but the river's ever murmuring tide ;
All but the rising tempest's sullen swell ;
Or sheep-dog baying from the moorlands wide ;
Or stifled utterance of the far church bell,
Tolling the passing hour, as Nature's parting
knell !



XXI.

GOUGAUN BARRA. 1.

NOT beauty which men gaze on with a smile,
Not grace that wins, no charm of form or
hue,

Dwelt with that scene. Sternly upon my view,
And slowly—as the shrouding clouds awhile
Disclosed the beetling crag and lonely isle—

From their dim lake the ghostly mountains grew,
Lit by one slanting ray. An eagle flew
From out the gloomy gulf of the defile,

Like some sad spirit from Hades. To the shore
Dark waters rolled, slow heaving, with dull moan;
The foam-flakes, hanging from each livid stone

Like froth on deathful lips: pale mosses o'er
The shattered cell crept, as an orphan lone
Clasps his cold mother's breast when life is gone.



XXII.

GOUGAUN BARRA. 2.

A PLACE it was for superstition meet
That ruined chapel and that islet bare—
And superstition stoops full lowly there!
For thither wend the pilgrims' weary feet;
There sinful hands repentant bosoms beat;
And kneeling mourners with dishevelled hair
Gaze, weeping, on low graves, in silent prayer;
Death linked to life in sad communion sweet.
And some hang relics on the blasted trees;
And some on flinty path, with bleeding knees,
Crawl round the margin of the holy well:
But ah! what fears—what grief—what pangs
are these—
Which 'neath the low arch of that tomb-like cell
Prostrate yon shrouded forms immoveable!



XXIII.

LISMORE.

A MEETING of bright streams and valleys
green ;

Of heathy precipice ; umbrageous glade ;

Dark, dimpling eddies, 'neath bird-haunted
shade ;

White torrents gushing splintered rocks between ;

With winding woodland roads ; and dimly seen

Through the deep dell, ere hazy sunset fade,

Castle, and spire, and bridge, in gold arrayed ;

While o'er the deepening mist of the ravine

The perspective of mountain looms afar.

Such was our Raleigh's home—and here his eye

Drank deep of Nature's wild variety,

Feeding on hopes and dreams ! From the world's
war

Retired, he dwelt : nor deemed how soon his star

Should set, dishonoured, in a bloody sea !



XXIV.

DROMANA.

MUCH need hath he who treads this rock-
hewn path
Of a firm footing, and unswerving brain.
Fierce with contending currents roll beneath
The turbid waters, bearing to the main
Full-freighted barques. The forest hills, again
Sketched dark below, o'er the brown river's breadth
Fling bars of deeper shade; rocks, by the stain
Of thousand storms left hoary, through green heath
Thrust out their brows oak-crowned, like some
gray stag,
With broad-beamed front, at gaze.—But hark!
The air
Kindles with music; and the sunset glare
Lights up the windows of yon castled crag.
Once more, methinks, your revels are begun,
High Geraldine! and princely Grandison!



XXV.

CASTLE MARTYR.

A GENTLE voice, and plaintive, whispers
here
Of an unfading, though a widowed love.
Where'er her footsteps wandered, 'neath the
grove,
By the green margin of the waters clear,
Or through those laurel thickets never sear,
The seats she pressed, the lawns she loved to
rove,
Flowers nurtured by her tender hand, that wove
A living broidery o'er each quaint parterre ;
All, all, unchanged ! as when her own warm breath
For him diffused fragrance more sweet than
flowers ;
All bright ! as when the balmy evening hours
Lured her last footsteps by the accustomed path,
With him she loved : unconscious of the death
Ambushed, even then, in those delicious bowers.



XXVI.

GLENGARRIFF. 1.

GAZING from each low bulwark of this bridge,
How wonderful the contrast! Dark as night,
Here, amid cliffs and woods, with headlong
might,
The black stream whirls; through ferns and droop-
ing sedge,
'Neath twisted roots moss-brown, and weedy ledge,
Gushing. Aloft, from yonder birch-clad height
Leaps into air a cataract, snow-white;
Falling to gulfs obscure. The mountain ridge,
Like a gray Warder, guardian of the scene,
Above the cloven gorge gloomily towers.
O'er the dim woods a gathering tempest lours;
Save where athwart the moist leaves' lucid green
A sunbeam, glancing through disparted
showers,
Sparkles along the rill with diamond sheen!



XXVII.

GLENGARRIFF. 2.

A SUN-BURST on the Bay! Turn and behold!

The restless waves, resplendent in their glory,
Sweep glittering past yon purpled promontory;
Bright as Apollo's breastplate. Bathed in gold,
Yon bastioned islet gleams. Thin mists are rolled,
Translucent, through each glen. A mantle
hoary

Veils those peaked hills, shapely as e'er in story,
Delphic, or Alpine, or Vesuvian old,
Minstrels have sung. From rock and headland
proud

The wild wood spreads its arms around the bay.

The manifold mountain cones, now dark,
now bright,

Now seen, now lost, alternate from rich light
To spectral shade: and each dissolving cloud
Reveals new mountains while it floats away.



XXVIII.

KILLARNEY. APPROACHED FROM KENMARE.

LONG leagues of terraced road, from sum-
mits wild
Of heath and savage crag gently declining,
And lo ! beneath, a snake-like stream lay
twining ;
And calmly spread the mirror undefiled
Of the deep lake. The sun behind us smiled ;
A sudden shower before us swept, enshrining
The hills, as in a veil ; between stood shining
A rainbow apparition, where the piled
And beetling rocks a caverned passage gave
To the worn traveller. There, intensely glowing,
Behind the lessening arches of the cave,
The radiant vision hung ; momentarily growing
More bright : as if, with heaven's pure beams
o'erflowing,
A quire of hovering angels spanned the wave.



IV. PERSONAL. MISCELLANEOUS.

I.

MY EARLY LIFE.

THE morn of life to me was full of gloom
And dreariness, that never would depart ;
And melancholy clung around my heart ;
Like willows, overshadowing a tomb.
Too oft, in lonely places, tears would start,
And bodings, terrible in darkness, come :
Dread shapes ! which through our mental twi-
light loom,
Awful as Death with his uplifted dart !
O gentle Hope ! breathe on me once again !
So shall I seek thee in the haunts of men,
And Nature's solitude ; and greet thy light
On the wave's bosom ; down the leafy glen ;
O'er sunny hills ; in the clear moon at night ;
And glance of woman's eye, so exquisitely bright !



II.

THE FAMILY PICTURE.

WITH work in hand, perchance some fairy
cap

To deck the little stranger yet to come ;
One rosy boy struggling to mount her lap,
The eldest studious, with a book or map ;
Her timid girl beside, with a faint bloom,
Conning some tale ; while with no gentle tap
Yon chubby urchin beats his mimic drum,
Nor heeds the doubtful frown her eyes assume.
So sits the Mother ! with her fondest smile
Regarding her sweet Little-ones the while :
And he, the happy man ! to whom belong
These treasures, feels their living charm beguile
All mortal care ; and eyes the prattling throng
With rapture-rising heart, and a thanksgiving
tongue.



III.

SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

O MARVEL not that, lonely thus, I love
To pace the devious pathways of this wood;
Or meditate beneath yon piny grove,
Where the slant beam, trembling, dares scarce
intrude;

Or mid these mossy rocks in silence brood.

Here thoughts which joy in liberty to rove
Swell up, like waves in ocean's solitude

When all is calm around, and bright above.
Yet do I love thee well, Society!

When on my hearth the wintry faggots blaze,
And jest, and friendly laugh, ring cheerily;

Or some dear voice recounts heroic lays;

Or gentle maid, blushing at whispered praise,
Sings some pathetic strain of antique harmony.



IV.

TO OTHER TIMES.

O WHEN I muse below these hazel bowers,
With ear attuned to the wild babbling
stream,

Its very lapse goes by me like a dream,
Recalling distant scenes, of weeds, and flowers.
I know of old yon sweeping mountain showers ;
That ivied crag some ancient friend I deem ;
The birds salute me ; and those breezes seem
Laden with odours of departed hours.

But ah !—these tones of early hope and pleasure,
That stole so sweetly o'er my hours of leisure,
Have not the influence now, they had before :
Then life was unalloyed ; a growing treasure :

But now, each thought I sadly linger o'er
Tells but of broken ties, and friends that are no
more !



V.

“THE VOICE OF HER HEART.” TO K. A. R.

THOU touching voice ! in fancy visiting
Our kindred hearts, like the uncertain tone
Of the young cuckoo, in the dawn of spring,
Telling of warmer suns, and storms o'erblown ;
Or like the virgin snowdrop, early and lone ;
Or any other fresh and hopeful thing
Upon the lap of our affections thrown,
Or fanning memory with reviving wing.
Dear voice ! no more may thy blest accents lie
Soundless within that breast of purity.

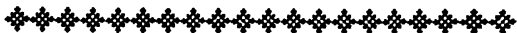
There is a virtue in them : they possess
Power o'er the heart, whose sign is in the eye—
Smiles of delight and tears of tenderness—
That sanctify thy lays ; our own sweet Poetess !



VI.

THE PORTRAIT. T. S. R.

THAT countenance is noble; we descry
Features that love might dwell upon forever:
The sweet, clear-spirited glance that's no de-
ceiver;
Firm, yet persuasive lips; a cheek whose dye
Study hath stolen some roses from; an eye
Upsparkling like the sunbeams on a river;
High-swelling brows, throbbing with thought
that never
Knew darker clouds than sensibility.
My brother!—for to me, indeed, thou art
What nature hath denied me—in my heart
I treasure thy dear lineaments; and dwell
Long-lingering over each, and loth to part.
Thou look'st upon me with a silent spell;
Imaging her fair face we love so well.



VII.

THE STATUE OF MOSES. FROM ZAPPI.

WHAT form in everlasting marble wrought
Sits, giantlike, Art's noblest triumph there?
Voice almost trembles on the lip, high thought
Seems throbbing on that brow of grandeur rare.
'Tis Moses!—Lo! that beard of wreathing hair,
And the twin glories from his temples shot:
Moses!—but with that yet diviner air
Upon the Mount from God's own presence caught.
Such was he once, when the wave's wild rebound
Hung o'er him vast; such, when the deathful
roar
Of waters closed, at the command of Heaven!
And ye—vile Crew!—once worshippers around
A worthless calf; had ye but knelt before
A shape like this, your sin almost 'ad been for-
given!



VIII.

THE LANDRAIL.

DEAR, wakeful bird ! I bid thine accents hail.
When, like the voice of May, thy startling
note

Comes wandering up the moonlight, grassy, vale;
Or hill of springing corn, or reedy moat.

Dearer I love thee than the classic throat,
Melodious, of the poet's nightingale ;

When her aerial numbers wildly float,
Like fairy music, o'er some haunted dale.

'Tis thine to wake a sweeter harmony ;
Thrilling the viewless chords of memory :

To come upon the heart in silent hours,
Touching each trembling pulse deliciously ;

Recalling vows of youth, Hope's budding
flowers,

And vision of pure love in amaranthine bowers !



IX.

THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH.

WHAT deep emotions o'er thy features rush,
Gama!—what sudden tremour of the soul?

The storm is past, the moonlit billows roll
Glossy and still, amid the general hush :
There's not a sound, save the light rippling gush
Round the ship's prow ; or clear bell's vesper
toll :—

But ha!—I, too, behold!—the Antarctic pole,
Lifting her veil of clouds, streams forth a flush
Of starry light, miraculously bent,
A glorious Cross, athwart the firmament.

O heavenly Apparition! throned on high
In form so holy, art thou the covenant
Of mercy, in our lone extremity,
Or a memento dire, to warn us ere we die?



X.

ON THE FUNERAL OF A LADY AND HER SON.

THERE I beheld them last—nay, still behold—

The mother, and her son, both on one bier,
In their small coffins sleeping; both so dear
To me, and mine! The heavy death-bell tolled;
And there was gathering of the young and old
Round those sad obsequies: I, in the rear,
Stept in slow grief, and deep religious fear;
Wrapping my heart in my cloak's silent fold!
And as the earth on each dark coffin's lid

Fell, there were tears, O how sincere! and cries,
From the thick-crowding Poor; that rose unbid.

Ay, in far countries, there were streaming eyes,
And bosoms choked with sobs; such as suit well
A loss whose memory is indelible.



XII.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

AH once again prolong that thrilling strain,
That tells of transports now for ever gone;
Of fruitless sorrows, eager wishes vain,
Of baseless dreams, and airy hopes o'erthrown,
Brightly on us the sun of pleasure shone!
Now its remembered beams but mock my pain;
Shaping that form I ne'er shall clasp again—
From my encircling arms for ever flown.
For She, too, loved to list thy melting note,
As oft we strayed beneath the moon's pale ray;
While, scarcely heard, the rivulet remote
Under the quivering beam in beauty lay.
Angel adored! on thy blest pinions float,
O'er my sick heart; and sooth my slow decay!

M.



XIII.

TO A. DE V.

VAINLY thou bidst me woo the lofty muse,
And with weak voice, and hand unskilful,
try

“To string the orient pearls of poesy :”
With pencil dipped in Fancy’s rainbow hues
Thou bidst me all her hopeful light diffuse
O’er this sad world of dull reality :

In vain !—no slumbering spirit of melody
Lives on my lyre ; no spell her voice renews.
The ring-dove does not strain her tender throat
Vainly ambitious of the finches’ note :

On feeble wing why should I seek to soar,
When simplest words thy faithful heart can bless ?

Why envious wish for bright poetic lore,
When in thy love I find all happiness ?

M.



XIV.

FROM PETRARCH.

IF the birds sing, and the green leaves are
shaking

In the soft summer air, and the clear deep
Of running waters a low murmuring keep,
By my fresh, flowery seat for ever breaking ;
Then, while with mournful thoughts my heart is
aching,

From heaven she comes ; bursting her mortal
sleep :

I hear, I see, I know her !—yet I weep —
My sighs and tears her sighs and tears awaking !
“ O why consume thy days in grief for ever,”—
Pitying she seems to say—“ and why pour’st
thou

From thy sad eyes this agonizing river ?

O not for me—grieve not for me, Love, now !
By death I am immortal, and the light
Of Earth gone by, Heaven dawns above my night !”



XV.

FROM PETRARCH.

I RAISED my mind to heaven, and there, methought,

Within the pale of that celestial sphere
She stood whom long on earth I vainly sought ;
More lovely than of old, and less austere.
She took my hand, and said—" To me, even
here,

If Hope deceive not, thou shalt yet be brought ;

To me, thy mortal bane, yet still most dear,
From the bright morn of life untimely caught !

My bliss no human heart can understand :

I wait but thee, and what was dear to thee,

That delicate mould which yet remains beneath."

Why ceased she then to speak—why loosed my
hand?

At those meek tones, and words of charity,

My soul of Heaven's pure clime appeared to
breathe !



XVI.

FROM BEMBO.

LONE bird ! that lov'st lamentingly to stray,
Mourning the sweet song of thy ravished
mate,

Blend thy complaint with mine ; our lonely
state

Alike, in unison should rise our lay.

But thou may'st meet thy Love some happier day :

O ! when shall I ?—thee, the slow hours await,

In thy green home of woods : while my sad fate

Hope soothes no more : In grief I waste away !

My peace of mind is fled—for ever fled !

Wandering in loneliness, and sad and shaken,

With measured steps, numbering my griefs,

I go :

My eyes are fixed on earth ; bowed down my head ;

Hopeless my soul ; and my poor heart, nigh
breaking

Scarce asks a respite from subduing woe !



XVII.

FROM PETRARCH.

THAT lovely paleness growing o'er thy face ;
That smile which, as a love-cloud, spreads
and fades ;

Speak with such eloquence, such feeling grace,
To my fond heart, that answering pallour shades
My cheek : and now I know how souls embrace,
And thought meets thought, in Eden's sacred
glades :

Thoughts kind as thine to me ; which none can
trace

But eyes like mine, which seek no other maids.
Those gentle deeds, those looks of angel birth,
Which women in their fondness use to wear,
How cold to those she deigned on me to bend !
Her beautiful, soft, regards, declined to earth,
Seemed silently to whisper on my ear—
“Whom now bereaves me of my faithful friend?”



XVIII.

FROM PETRARCH.

ALL day I weep ; and through the live-long
night,

When miserable mortals find repose,

I waste in tears, redoubling all my woes ;

And thus I count the hours till morning's light.

O'erflowing sadness dims my aching sight,

And grief consumes me : Heaven no creature
knows

Wretched like me ! relentless passions close

Around ; and Peace for ever takes her flight !

Ah me ! that ceaseless thus, from day to day,

And night to night, I run my weary course ;

While this, which men call life, slow wastes away,

But is as death indeed ! Ah ! cruel source

Of all my woe ; more than these pangs I mourn,

That thou canst see me pine, unpitied, and forlorn !

M.



XIX.

CANZONET; IN THE SONNET FORM.

THE sun is risen o'er the trees;
Light vapours drift along the plain;
The smoke curls upward on the breeze;
Bold chanticleer crows out amain,
While small birds pour a milder strain;
And every stirring sight one sees,
And every sound that wakes again,
Comes fresh'ning with varieties.
The dew that fills the floweret's eye
Is like the tear of tenderness;
And softer than a lover's sigh
The light air lifts yon virgin's tress;
For now the milkmaid wanders by,
Singing for very happiness.



V. HISTORICAL.

I.

THE CRUSADERS. 1.

THE flattering crowd wreath laurels for the
brow

Of blood-stained chief, or regal conqueror ;
To Cæsar, or the Macedonian, bow—
Meteors of Earth, that set to rise no more—
A Hero-worship, as of old ! Not now
Should Christians bend with servile reverence
o'er

The fading pageantry of paynim lore.
True Heroes they whose consecrated vow
Led them to Jewry, fighting for the Cross !
While not by Avarice lured, or lust of power
Inspired, they combatted that Christ should
reign ;

And life for Him laid down counted no loss.
On Dorylæum's plain, by Antioch's tower,
And Ascalon, sleep well the martyred slain.



II.

THE CRUSADERS. 2.

GODFREY, first Christian Captain! Bohe-
mond!

Tancred! and he, whose wayworn gabardine,
And steel clad limbs, the throne of Constantine
Pressed in the face of day, though thousands
frowned!

Once more your dust, beneath the Charmer's wand,
Starts into form, and in the heroic line
Of Scotland's Bard, or Tasso the divine,
Breathes vital air! Glorious in life, beyond
The grave ye triumph! With undying Palms
The soldiers of the Cross are garlanded.

For them the Poet pours immortal breath!
The song that shall not die their worth embalms!
Like perfume from the Martyr's sanguine bed
Glory exhales around their cells of death.



III.

THE CRUSADERS. 3.

The Council of Clermont.

A MID the throng the Hermit stood ; so wan,
Careworn, and travel-soiled ; with genius
high

Throned on his brow, shrined in his spiritual
eye.

The Hermit spake—and through the council ran
A tremour, not of fear ; as in the van,

Chafing before embattled Chivalry,

A proud steed listens for the clarion's cry,

So sprang they to their feet : and every man—

Pontiff and Prince, Prelate and Peer—caught up

Their swords, and kissed the crosiered hilts,
and swore,

As though their lips the sacramental cup

Had touched, Christ's sepulchre to free ! The
shore

Of Asia heard that sound, in thunder hurled—

“Deus id vult” from Clermont through the world !



IV.

THE CRUSADERS. 4.

The Templars.

THE victory for God, or holy death,
They sought alone; honour, not length of
days;

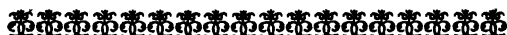
For penitence—not joy, nor human praise,
Nor wealth, nor love—they raised their suppliant
breath:

Steeled like their limbs, their hearts were mailed
in faith.

Toil, and austere neglect, and the fierce blaze
Of Asian skies, had bronzed their brow: their
Was as the Serpent's, terrible: beneath [gaze
Their rush in battle—fatal as the Pard—

The foe fell prone, nor unhop'd mercy prayed.
Yet in the hour of peace, with helm unbarred,
Their voice was mild, their hand outstretched
to aid.

Chaste and devout; inflexibly severe;
They lived without a smile—gave death no tear.



V.

THE CRUSADERS. 5.

The Children Band.

ALL holy influences dwell within
The breast of Childhood : instincts fresh
from God

Inspire it, ere the heart beneath the rod
Of grief hath bled, or caught the plague of sin.
How mighty was that fervour which could win
Its way to infant souls !—and was the sod
Of Palestine by infant Croises trod ?

Like Joseph went they forth, or Benjamin,
In all their touching beauty, to redeem ?

And did their soft lips kiss the sepulchre ?
Alas ! the lovely Pageant, as a dream,

Faded ! they sank not through ignoble fear—
They felt not Moslem steel. By mountain, stream,
In sands, in fens, they died—no mother near !



VI.

THE CRUSADERS. 6.

Jerusalem Delivered.

THE Hermit stood beside the Saviour's tomb;
His mission passed, his righteous hopes fulfilled;
filled;

He who, long years ago, had wept and kneeled
At Salem, in her hour of bondage gloom.
There, too, from taint of blood made pure, they
come—

Contrite they come—each fiery passion stilled—
The warriors of the Cross. Ah! then how thrilled
Thy bosom, Godfrey, treading that dear home
Of all thy troubled thoughts, and pious toil;
In the white robe of peace, with temples bare;
And lingering o'er each hallowed scene—
where'er

The Saviour's feet had sanctified the soil!
While red-cross banners waved o'er Moslem spoil;
And sainted Spirits hovered in the air.



VII.

THE CRUSADERS. 7.

Philosophic Depreciation.

“**W**HAT profit”—cool Economists exclaim—
 “These wasteful brawls and inexpedient
 wars!

To get more blows than pence, and ugly scars—
Mementoes dire of perishable fame—
 Suits not a truly philosophic aim.

Men meddle much, forsooth ; and meddling
 mars

More than it mends : and Turkish cimeters
 Not fiercelier bite than Christian faggot-flame.
 Besides,—the Arabians were so mathematical !

Moreover—Moslems are extremely prayerful ;
 And Saladin by no means was fanatical !

In short—the more you weigh in balance careful
 Those old barbaric Christians, void of letters,
 You’ll find Mahometans were much their betters.”



VIII.

THE CRUSADERS. 8.

Christian Argument.

I ANSWER thus. 'Tis not enough to live
Securely moral ; watchful not to break
Strict covenants with Man ; nor to partake
With sinners : not enough to trade and thrive ;
And with a grave ostent, give and forgive :
Or cherish knowledge as a Power to shake
Thrones. But it was a noble thing to make
"God's will" the Nation's watchword : and to rive
Selfish ambition from the heart of Kings :
And lead to righteous ends through painful
ways.
Exiles and warriors for the Faith to be,
Was good ; and good, regardless of the stings
Of pain and grief, to stand with yearning gaze,
Renouncing Earth, fixed on Eternity !



IX.

THE PLANTAGENETS.

TRUE Christians! worthy Knights! heroic
Kings!

They come—they come! the regal shades draw
near,

With bannered pomp advancing—Prince, and
Peer,

And saintly Prelate. Hark! the welkin rings
Triumphant: and the laurelled minstrel flings
Warlike and jubilant music on the ear!

Of Azincour, of Crecy, and Poictier,

And Ascalon, the inspiring chaunt he sings;

Of those three puissant Edwards; and of him,

Richard, the lion-hearted warrior;

And Henry radiant from the fields of France.—

Ask'st thou, why years such glory make not dim?

Their works reply: cloister, and fane, and tower,

Have voices fine as clarion's utterance!



X.

THE BARONS AT RUNNIMEDE.

WITH what an awful grace those Barons stood
 In presence of the King at Runnimede !
 Their silent finger to that righteous Deed—
 O'er which, with cheek forsaken of its blood,
 He hung—still pointing with stern hardihood ;
 And brow that spake the unuttered mandate—
 “ Read ! ”
 “ Sign ! ” He glares round—Never !—Though
 thousands bleed
 He will not ! Hush—Low words, in solemn mood,
 Are murmured—and—he signs. Great God !
 were these
 Progenitors of our enfeebled kind ?
 Whose wordy wars are waged to thwart, or please
 Minions, not Kings : who stoop with grovelling
 mind
 To weigh the Pauper's dole—scan right by rule—
 And plunder churches to endow a school !



XI.

THE HOUSE OF TUDOR. 1.

AT length "the glorious sun of York" had set
Behind the bloody rim of Bosworth field :
Hurled from his heaven, Richard scorning to
yield,

Lay like a vanquished Titan. There had met,
For their last combat, the Plantagenet

And Tudor: there the rival Roses sealed

A covenant: and to the Bridal reeled,

Drunk with fraternal gore. War ceased—and yet
The hereditary fire in Tudor's vein

Bounded: once more contentious cries arose,
And controversial fury raved again,

And ermined hands smote spiritual foes,
And brother brother slew! An iron reign

Was Tudor's: yet with blessing at its close.



XII.

THE HOUSE OF TUDOR. 2.

A H sanguinary Race—baptized in blood !
Rightly by your Lancastrian Ancestor,
Beneath whose stroke great Edward's grandson
bowed,

Were ye prefigured. Lo ! what Phantoms o'er
Your restless slumbers bend ! Warbeck before
Stern Richmond frowns, and Warwick ; long,
and loud

Grey Salisbury's frantic shrieks of anguish pour
On the eighth Harry's ear, and Bullen's shroud
Stifles his death-bed prayer. O'er Mary's eyes
Jane's mild regards, and Cranmer's burning
hand,

And Latimer, and all that martyr band,
And Mothers torn from childbed pangs, arise.
Thou, too, Elizabeth ?—Woe worth the day
When Scotland's Mary died at Fotheringay !



XIII.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

A REFORMATION needful, it was good
That he, the strong man, missioned to un-
bar

A Nation's prison, should be one endued
With iron heart, and eager hand for war :
Of vision stern, and piercing ; slow to spare ;
Prompt, resolute, and in his angry mood
Fatal : a captain whose crowned helm from far
Might lead the van of battle unwithstood.
Such Henry was ; thus wrought ; though red with
crimes ;

Voluptuous, despotic, pitiless ;
Yet royally endowed for perilous times ;
A weapon coarse yet apt ; where gentleness
Had but provoked a wide spread martyrdom :
An Attila to scourge a later Rome !



XIV.

EDWARD THE SIXTH.

A H royal Boy beloved, too early lost !
Thine was that star's heliacal ascent,
Rising mid sunbeams, yet with dire portent
Of summer skies by flaming tempest crost ;
Herald not less of vintage, and the host
Of harvest joys. Thus—thus in thee were blent
Our faith's aurora ; and dread punishment
For gifts abused, and blessings spurned the most
When without measure lavished. Saintly, Boy !
Too gentle was thy hand, perchance, to chain
The Hydra of Dissent ; or in his joy,
The Bondsman bounding from his yoke restrain.
—He passed.—The Gold of God from all alloy
To purge, a fire was kindled : not in vain.



XV.

MARY TUDOR.

WAS it in vengeance of paternal wrong
That the fierce Furies thy declining days
Pursued—Eumenides no more—with blaze
Of tossing torches, and the scorpion thong?
Or sprang the wolf of madness, swift, and strong,
Upon thee, while encompassed by the rays
Of Majesty? O fearful Queen! we gaze,
Awe-struck, on thee; and (painful casuists) long
To judge of thee as one whom Fate had sealed
With blindness, through intolerable woes;
Stung by hereditary insult; steeled
To hatred by the unrequited throes
Of Love: a fanatic, in bonds long sleeping,
From agony to blood delirious leaping!



XVI.

CRANMER.

TOO feebly nerved for so severe a trial
Wert thou, O Cranmer ! yet thy heart was
true,
And the church owes thee much, and loves
thee too.
If thou didst faint beneath the fiercest vial
That wrath could pour, O let no harsh decrual
Tarnish the Martyr's fame ! The Saviour knew
How weak are even the best !—ere the cock crew
Peter thrice uttered the foretold denial !
Think not of Cranmer to his chains descending,
Fear-palsied, and his mind scarce half awake :
But Cranmer, with the faithful Ridley, bending
Over the Liturgy ; Cranmer as he spake
From his last pulpit ; Cranmer when extending
His hand through flame, undaunted at the stake !



XVII.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE Lioness that stalks the forest bound
More awful in her presence and her port
Looked not than she : high in her cloudy court
The rock-throned Osprey, glancing sternly round
Through sun-lit air unshaken by a sound,
From low desires and the base world's resort
Seemed elevated less : the Dolphin's sport
O'er foam-flecked waves and sapphire depths profound
Shewed not a pageant to the eye of morn
More bright. Her thoughts were in the purple
born ;
Her eye was empery ; she gave the nod
And all obeyed ; all earthly powers with scorn
She noted : yea, the fane itself she trod
As though she were the sister of a God !



XVIII.

LAUD.

OF dauntless spirit, with untiring zeal ;
Loving his native land ; munificent ;
A liegeman true ; a churchman firmly bent
On duty ; with a faith, like tempered mail,
Strong to resist ; and courage to prevail,
Or bear, how stern soever the event :
So loyally with us dwelt Laud, intent
On God's high service, knowing not to quail.
Ay, such was Laud ! to death, and after death,
Implacably borne down ; even in the grave
Maligned. Yet great was his reward, in faith,
And love of that dear Church he toiled to save.
A righteous Confessor—a steadfast guide—
He lived : a martyr for the Truth he died !



XIX.

CHARLES THE MARTYR. 1.

SO generous a master, kind a friend,
Never beneath the stroke of treason died :
A Prince more righteous never was defied
By popular Rage ; nor ever forced to bend
'Neath factious Hate : in him were seen to blend
Grandeur with meekness, and the regal pride
By human virtues tempered, and allied
With Christian graces. Learning to defend
The Faith, and zeal to curb the Infidel,
And constancy the issue to abide,
Were his. He stood before the Parricide
Fearless ; and with a martyr spirit fell !
By impious foes beguiled, false friends betrayed,
The dying Saint for his destroyers prayed !



XX.

CHARLES THE MARTYR. 2.

PERFECT he was not, being but a man,
And subject to temptation as a King :
Knowledge came to him from afar, a thing
Misshaped as Craft inspired, or Rumour ran.
He fell upon a time when Thought began
With Faith to wrestle ; and hot youth to spring
Into the seat of age ; the Serf to fling
His chain to earth ; the Fanatic to ban
The altar, and to beard anointed Power.
Authority so scorned, prerogative
So lightly valued, and so ill defined,
Unhappy was the Prince who ruled that hour !
Unhappy we—unless our hearts we give
To that great warning he bequeathed man-
kind !



XXI.

THE PARLIAMENTARY LEADERS.

HAMPDEN and Essex, Fairfax, Algernon !
 Ay, these were Hearts not narrowed to a
 Sect.

Generous of blood, in cultured Intellect
 Supreme, they stood apart ; the wreaths they won
 Sprang not in crypts—they wrought in the open
 sun.

Amid the baser crew they moved erect,
 Frank in their speech, their acts above suspect ;
 Danger they scorned, and praise, or malison,
 Nor sought nor would avoid. Stern, tho' sincere,
 And more admired than loved, they toiled to
 gain

A barren victory, and died in vain.
 And O ! forget not Her, their bright Compeer—
 Her, who spake fearless for her Sovereign
 Before his Butchers—high-souled child* of Vere !

* Lady Fairfax: daughter of Sir Horace Vere, Lord Tilbury. See Clarendon's account of her conduct at the trial of the King.



XXII.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

FIERCE as his sword at Naseby and Dunbar—
Cold as the hidden cuirass on his breast—
Swift in pursuit as falcons—in acquest
Eager as vultures, scenting from afar
The steam of battle, the foul feast of war—
Amid a ruffian Faction chief confest
Stood Cromwell; prompt with equal skill to
wrest
God's law, or institutes of man to dare.
Yet, though he reached, he dared not mount the
throne;
Though in his grasp, he durst not wear the crown.
Lo! round his board the spectral poniards
gleam!
Hark! by his couch the ghostly victims moan!
His pale lips quiver, his shut eyelids stream;
Stung by the pangs of that Orestean dream!



XXIII.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

NOT mid wild revelry, ignoble games,
And sensual dalliance, wasting year by
year,

Should thus the Monarch-martyr's Son appear.
No frivolous Trifler, steeped in public shames,
No Ingrate, scornful of all social claims,
Should mount the lineal throne restored. Sin-
cere

That heart should be ; and many a pious tear
Temper those radiant eyes ; and holy aims
Make bright thy path, to gladden a sad realm.

All joy for thee should gleam with chastened
ray ;

Hope lure no Memory of the Past away ;
For lo!—even now—the thunder-clouds, to overwhelm
Thy fated House, impend ; and coming Doom
Shadows thy faded cheek with deeper gloom !



XXIV.

JAMES THE SECOND.

THE schoolmen of the state have done thee
wrong

Lear of the latter time! Thee, too, false daughters,
 ters,

Cheering their mates to parricidal slaughters,
Hunted to hopeless exile. In the throng
Of bloodhounds, tracking thy pale flight along,
The nursling of thy heart, the household friend,
The creature of thy bounty, these, to rend
Their palpitating Victim, foremost sprung.
Stern was the doom! yet forfeiture was just.

That oath, the sacred sanction of the throne,
By the Church hallowed, clothed thee with a trust
Enduring as the jewel of thy crown.

Thou from that oath didst fall, that Church
disown,
Therefore thy People fell from thee like dust.



XXV.

THE MAN OF GLENCOE.

IF this be true, that from thy lip, or hand,
The mandate passed—or the inexpressive eye,
Kindling to keen, yet cold ferocity,
Consented—or that hints forestalled command—
Too long hath Vengeance slept: too long the brand
Of shame by flattering wreaths been hid. To die
Untimely, yet unjudged, doth not imply
Atonement. Rise, at last, and take thy stand,
Great King! before the Avenger! Wake—arise!
Posterity the Judge, amid the cries
Of the unforgotten slain, his sentence slow
Records;—for desecrated household ties?—
For wrong fraternal? filial treason?—No!
Grave on his tomb but one dark word: “Glencoe.”



XXVI.

THE SOLDIERS OF SARSFIELD.

BEFORE the standards of his daughter flying,
By Boyne's dark stream, even as a stag at
bay,
Stood hapless James in arms: yet loathed to
slay.
One faithful Band alone, mid foes defying,
And perjured friends deserting, and denying,
Clung round him, as a breastplate, thro' that
day;
The fate they might avert not to delay.
There, where ill-omened Dane, and Dutchman
dying
Lay thickest, his wild slogan o'er the plain
Sarsfield's indomitable soldiers pealed,
In vain, alas! for James! but not in vain
For vengeance! Soon Almanza heard once more
That cry: and Fontenoy's disastrous field
Those fatal bayonets dyed with kindred gore.



XXVII.

THE SCOTTISH BISHOPS AT THE REVOLUTION.

GREAT Witnesses on earth for sacred truth
 Were Scotland's ancient Prelates. "Serve
 the King"—

So spake the Tempter—"Serve, and ye shall
 bring

Much profit to your Order—triumph, in sooth,
 Unto the Church—and to your foemen ruth!"

Knowing their danger, and the Man, this thing
 They would not. No! though Persecution wring
 The panting heart, and Penury's fell tooth
 Gnaw at their vitals! Gloriously they dared

The crisis. But the traitorous Tempter—he,
 Cold Trafficker in profitable crime—

For him was the red arm of Justice bared?

The Church strikes not: but waiting God's
 good time

Endures, not sanctions, passing Tyranny.



VI. ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

I.

INTRODUCTORY. 1.

Universal Prayer.

CHILDREN of God, high privilege have we,
For whom, throughout the world, all fellow
saints

Exalt to heaven their prayers continually.

Not lonely kneel we, nor unpitied fain

Our heart; nor uncompanioned our low plaints

Ascend: a mighty chain of sympathy

Binds Christian men together, and acquaints

Their souls with love, and thoughtful charity.

O! joy! that we, who pray for all, by all

Commended are to God in daily prayer.

Yea, now, as in time past, and yet again

Through time to come, that Church, which shall
not fall,

From night to morn, breathes forth upon the air

Meek intercession for the sons of men.



II.

INTRODUCTORY. 2.

The Brotherhood in Christ.

ALL men are brethren in God's equal eye ;
Yea, sons of God, partaking Christian grace.

How fades all outward pomp of power and place,
Glory and wealth, frail beauty's pageantry—
Prerogatives of earth that swiftly fly—

Before that noblest birthright of our race,
The brotherhood with Christ! Now face to face
With God we stand. In Him disparity
Of love, proportioned to man's earthly state,

Exists not: right of eldership is none
Where all with Christ are heirs. The Low, the
Great,

The Wise, the Simple, gather round His throne
In heaven, one equal boon to supplicate:—

God's sons confest! the Brethren of the Son!



III.

INTRODUCTORY. 3.'

The right Use of Prayer.

THEREFORE when thou wouldst pray, or
dost thine alms,

Blow not a trump before thee: hypocrites

Do thus, vaingloriously; the common streets
Boast of their largess, echoing their psalms.

On such the laud of men, like unctuous balms,

Falls with sweet savour. Impious Counterfeits!

Prating of heaven, for earth their bosom beats!

Grasping at weeds, they lose immortal palms!

God needs not iteration nor vain cries.

That man communion with his God might share

Below, Christ gave the ordinance of prayer.

Vague ambages, and witless ecstasies,

Avail not: ere a voice to prayer be given

The heart should rise on wings of love to heaven.



IV.

“OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN.” 1.

WE pray to God in heaven—and He is there—
Not circumscribed, for heaven may not
contain

The vastness of His glory ; every where
Around, on forest slope, prolific plain,
The breathing mountain peaks, the liberal main,
The wealth of mines, the sanatory air,
His Presence clasps creation, with a chain
Whose golden links are love ! The Good we share
His voluntary bounty yields ; the woes
Which scourge are His correction ; whispered
words
To Him are trumpet-tongued ; all thought He
knows :

We pass with feathery swiftmess, as young birds,
Yet lie, the while, in His embrace at rest :
Night hides us not—we sleep upon His breast !



V.

“OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN.” 2.

GOD—holy, true, the merciful, all wise,
All powerful, all knowing, infinite !
His laws, His will, unsearchable—too bright
His glory for the ken of mortal eyes !
Yet what we comprehend not He supplies :
Twin stars, from heaven to point our path aright,
He gives His Works and Word—Angels of
light—
That watch beside the gate of Paradise !
Heaven and the earth resound His mighty name :
The meanest creatures of His hand proclaim
His goodness : but, all natural guide trans-
cending,
The holy Scriptures stand, steadfastly teaching
His ways and mysteries to mankind ; and preach-
ing
Grace and Redemption—blessings never end-
ing !



VI.

“HALLOWED BE THY NAME.” 1.

GOD hallows, God alone can sanctify !
How shall the Creature, then, presume to
say

“God’s name be hallowed ?” ’Tis our needful cry
For spiritual aid, through Christ ; that thus
we may

Be strengthened by good graces day by day.

Pleading, our lips He touches ! From on high
Light falls on hands uplifted tremblingly ;

And our requests grow holy as we pray.

With thanks, and praise, and acceptable love,

For wisdom we petition, and content :

For gratitude and patience ; and, above

All other graces, faith. In these are blent

Whate’er through Mortals may be shadowed forth
Of Divine Glory hallowing on earth.



VII.

“HALLOWED BE THY NAME.” 2.

BY blameless life, by exemplary deed,
Our heavenly Father's name is glorified :
In every gift and grace to man decreed
His holiness is marked, His power descried :
All pangs by Him relieved, affections tried
By sorrow and recomfited, plant seed
That grow to holy harvests : earthly pride
Discomfited, and wrath that finds its meed,
Work out His law, His providence expound :
Yea, all His wondrous Creatures, wheresoe'er
Earth, seas, or winds, their radiant beauty bear,
Make manifest His attributes, and sound
His worship unprofaned, with pure acclaim,
Throughout all ages. Hallowed be His name !



VIII.

“THY KINGDOM COME.” 1.

THY diadem is Grace, Thy sceptre Power,
Lord of that kingdom which shall have no
end!

Thou, at whose frown Hell quakes, and demons
cower,

With Thee shall Man debate—shall Earth
contend?

Thou Chainer of the Proud! Thou who canst
bend

Stiff-necked Rebellion in his fiercest hour—

O! mighty Monarch! dost Thou condescend
To visit Man; partake a Mortal's bower?

Giver of all things! Didst Thou share with Man
His common wants? Prince of the star-set
heaven!

Didst Thou lie down in the grave's narrow span?

O! once again to us—condemned, forgiven—
Return in glory, righteous Judge! and grant
Triumphant Palms to Thy Church militant!



IX.

“ THY KINGDOM COME.” 2.

YE sleepers of the grave! in hope sleep well.
Your bodies shall awaken, O ye just!

Triumphant from the unforgotten dust,
And with the angelic host which never fell,
Martyrs, and good men perfected, shall dwell!

The glorious kingdom is not full: the first

Who went, all living, all who yet shall burst
The gates of life, foreknown, the pomp shall swell
Of that high Retinue. O Man! thine ear
Even now the innumerable march can hear,
Afar, of that great host: for this we dare
With daily orisons, in life or death,
To kneel. Whate'er the object of our faith,
Hope still may be inspirer of our prayer.



X.

"THY KINGDOM COME." 3.

NOT with proud festival record the date
Of natural birth: rejoicing should attend
The annual cycle of the good man's end.
For all are born depressed beneath the weight
Of sin; until the font regenerate.

The day of Adam's birth saw Christ ascend
His Cross, to die for man: that day we spend
In mourning, yet consoled. Thenceforth the gate
Of Paradise to all—O! mystery
Of life in death!—lies open: man is free!

Joy for the Saints! by Grace divine re-born—
Joy for the Saints! their hour of passion o'er—
Pangs conquered—toils annulled—no sin to
mourn—

Illusions dissipated—grief no more!



XI.

“THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH.” 1.

IN quiet resignation, tranquil joy,
The Christian suppliant should meet the Lord :
Whate'er betide to cheer or to annoy,
One staff, one shield, is our's—His holy word.
Hope's seraph-song is there, Faith's true record :
Therein all sacred Charities employ
Their lips sincere hymning the mercies stored
For Christ's beloved : but vengeance shall destroy
The Evil-doer. Once, on Sinai,
He gave the Law in thunder and in flame ;
Once more, a gentle Monitor He came,
A meek Atoner, for mankind to die,
Leaving His Scripture canon. Holy One !
We treasure Thy last words. “Thy will be
done !”



XII.

“ THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH.” 2.

THE precepts and the purposes of God
Once known, plain duty is not hard to learn :
Nor without light a weary way we plod,
The Church our guide, and Christ the way.
O turn,
Nor tread with faltering step so straight a road.
All interests of earth, all that concern
Our genuine needs, or spiritual food,
She, without stint, pours from unfailing urn.
His good, His acceptable, perfect, Will,
Unfolded in her Scripture Treasury,
Awaits—arrests—the search of every eye—
Gold from the mine—gems indestructible—
But, chiefly, that which Paul declared, mark still :
“ God’s greatest purpose is to sanctify.”



XIII.

"THY WILL BE DONE," ETC. 3.

WHEN from the heart, with lips devout, we
say

"God's will be done," for immortality,
And crowns participate with saints, we pray :
Such fruit obedience bears : to God on high
Thus humble souls advance unconsciously.
Duty shall grow as nature ; to obey
Be keen delight ; the approval of His eye
Glory, that fleets not from our souls away.
Yet, hoping much, forget not still to fear.
God ever by His purpose shall abide ;
Howe'er the weak forget, the proud deride
His precepts. Watch—strong enemies are near ;
Weak heart, false counsel. To thyself, severe,
Unmask :—repent ! From God thou canst
not hide.



XIV.

“ GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.” I.

T IRED travellers, to our proper home and
bourn—

Mysterious heaven—we press our pilgrimage :
Strangers, on earth we for a time sojourn,

To take brief rest, and wayside thirst assuage.
Recomforted, once more, with thanks, we turn

Unto our path ; firm war again to wage
With toils and doubt, our dim eyes scarce discern,
That throng the dark course of life's latest stage.

Thus for support we crave, a daily need,

“ The staff of bread,” all comforters of life !

Our worldly cares composed, our temporal
strife

Removed, for spiritual ease, the Christian's meed,

We pray : and, as in death we sink subdued,

Rejoice that heaven is near—that God is good !



XV.

“GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.” 2.

NEW labours task us daily ; hour by hour
New wants assail ; and Care, the parasite,
Envelopes the weak heart, clasping to blight.
Sordid necessities around us lour ;
Importunate habits dog us and devour ;
But God is with us always : to requite
Our daily toils, and prayers, is His delight.
Man never asks in vain—a watchful Power
Anticipates, and satisfies, his need.
Trouble springs round us, inexhaustible,
A ceaseless fountain ; but His Mercy still
Flows on with equal current. God takes heed
The appetite He stimulates to feed :
Makes prayer necessity, and prompts the will.



XVI.

“FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES.” 1.

WE supplicate for blessings—it were well
To plead for pardon too. The plague of sin
Clings round us as a mist, hanging between
Heaven and our low estate. O! “who can tell
How often he offendeth?”—We compel

His wrath! Turn, sinner, turn, with suppliant
mien,

And humble tears, His lingering love to win :
Hope always—God is not implacable.

Unpardoned, earthly joys are but a snare

And temporal good a curse ; accursed the bread
We eat, the wine we drink, the wealth we share,

Our endless labour, and unquiet bed :
While Conscience, like the worm in Jonah's gourd,
Makes loathsome every joy that once allured.



XVII.

“FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES.” 2.

GOD'S pardoning Grace is altogether free :
Yet prayers upon our lip betoken Grace
Within the heart : and though no merit we
Dare boast, before the great Creator's face
Pure orisons find acceptable place.

But what, alas ! can prayer, tears, groaning, yea
Our blood, avail ? Shall these one stain erase ?
Or human sufferings found one valid plea ?
Could Divine justice thus be satisfied,
Not then had Adam fallen, nor Jesus died.

Atonement for so infinite a wrong
The Infinite, alone, might offer. Faith
In Christ makes duty vital—hope grows strong ;
And man's repentance sooths Almighty wrath.



XVIII.

“FORGIVE US—AS WE FORGIVE.” 3.

HOW far the ways of God and man diverge!
God grants forgiveness, vengeance man
provides.

Poor emmets of the minute! that emerge
From dust, and whom the dust so quickly hides,
In our hearts, fixed, the worm of wrath abides!
Fierce in our hand waves the vindictive scourge!
While He, that tramples on the cloud; that
rides

The storm; that from the void, ungoverned, surge
Evoked the earth, and from primeval night
The Sun, and robed him in immortal light;
Lord of the thunderbolt and shafts of fate!
Not these He boasts of—attributes of might—
But truth, long-suffering, mercy! Learn aright
Christian! in what thy God to imitate.



XIX.

“ LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.”

FORSAKE not, Lord ! Thy servants, lest they
fall,

Defenceless, in the net of spiritual foes !

Too strong within the heart temptation grows,
When proffered objects lure, desires enthrall,
And apt occasion answers to our call.

O ! trials hard to bear ! if He who knows
Our nature's weakness fail to interpose
His sacred shield. Strengthened by Him, not all
The blandishment of Passion shall obscure
The mirror of the soul ; nor thought of shame
Bedim the mental eye with film impure.

May God renew our spirit ! so shall we
Abide our furnace ; like the holy Three
Before the Assyrian, mid innocuous flame.



XX.

“ DELIVER US FROM EVIL.” 1.

“ **C**ONSENT not thou though sinful men
entice—

Nor walk thou in their way”—the Wise-man
saith.

To stand secure, not good resolves suffice

Alone, but “ to avoid the evil path :”

“ To shun the harlot’s door”—Weak words !
vain breath !

We have faithless hearts within us ; treacheries

Daily creep closer round : while Sin and Death

Like serpents watch, our spirit to surprise.

From these may God’s restraining providence

Deliver ! else the wickedness of men

Would make this world a solitude ; or den

Of raging beasts, down-trampling every fence :

Man would become, at last, an earthly fiend—

Cain to his brother—Judas to his friend !



XXI.

“ DELIVER US FROM EVIL.” 2.

GOD hath His times and seasons to restrain
The purposed, or committed sin requite.

In Balaam's path the Seraph stood : swift blight
On Jeroboam's hand, upraised in vain

To seize the prophet, fell : on Salem's plain

He sent His Angel-minister to smite

The Assyrian : and behind pale Israel's flight
Whelmed Pharaoh's host beneath the reflux
main.

To trust, is to be saved ! When Jesus trod
The sea, they deemed a Spirit walked abroad

Upon the troubled waves :—Peter sprang out,
But soon began to sink, by fear betrayed.

“ Save me,” he cried : Christ stretched His hand
and stayed ;—

Saying,—“ O Faithless ! wherefore didst thou
doubt ?”



XXII.

THE DOXOLOGY.

THE kingdom over all; power uncontrolled;
Glory that makes all other lustre pale;
Are Thine—have ever been—shall never fail!
Therefore to Thee our suppliant hands we fold—
Therefore our hearts, our lips, in faith, are bold—
Therefore in Thee, with grateful hymns, we hail
All-seeing justice, truth that shall prevail,
And love which heaven's great compass cannot
hold.

All these for ever! Time can never be
When prayer avails not: the Almighty will
Through prayer alone its mercies can fulfil.
Great need of mercy—yea, great hope, have we!
In the old time before us we have heard
His deeds—trust, now, the promise of His
Word!